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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE SLANDERS OF THE RADICALS.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE convulsive efforts of *The Tribune, Liberator, Times,* ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and other journals of the same class, to resist the popularity of Gen. McClellan, and stay the tide in his favor which is sweeping over the country, are becoming so desperate as to assume the aspect of the ridiculous. These vehement advocates of radical measures and men, devote column after column to the most virulent personal abuse of the General; but while their readers are bothering themselves to know what is the cause of the enmity exhibited, the brave soldiers of the army who have returned wounded, but full of the memory of their eventful service, are a thousand fold more influential in their love for and praise of their General, than the entire body of radical slanderers against him. In all parts of the country the soldiers have taught, and are teaching, their friends and acquaintances to admire the man whom these political editors abuse, and the more violent the attacks on him the greater the affection and respect of the people for him. There are left now but a handful of the more violent Abolitionists, led by such newspapers as we have named, who are to be counted as enemies of Gen. McClellan; while the immense masses of the people, Republicans and Democrats, unite in admiration and honor of the man and the soldier.

Why do these newspapers continue their malicious attacks? What is the object of their violence, and their disregard alike of patriotism and of truth? Is their course founded in any desire to furtber the Union cause? Manifestly not. Is it based on a sincere wish for the success of our arms, or the defeat of the rebel enemy? Plainly it cannot be. The entire army is included in their deliberate charges of fault in McClellan, for the army approved, and approves, all that he has done as the wisest and best that could be done under the circumstances, and that approval is given with a unanimity that was never exceeded in military history. The endeavor of these journals is to falsify history, and destroy the reputation, not only of individuals, but of the entire army. Such an effort must have some grand ulterior motive, now concealed. Is it to be found in a desperate hope that the people may be converted to the idea that a political general, who will make speeches and capital for the next Presidency, is better than a silent general who forgets himself in absolute devotion to duty and the country? If such be the expectation, it will prove a failure.

A sick soldier, going up in the New Haven cars the other day, was addressed by a stranger who sat behind him, and in the course of conversation the latter spoke of Gen. McClellan in terms somewhat the same as are daily used by these newspapers. The soldier turned around in his seat and at first very gently reproved the stranger. The latter repeated his remarks, and insolently expressed his surprise that a Union soldier should defend McClellan. The soldier took a roll of money from his pocket, and said, so that all in the car heard him, "I'll give you that, sir, if you'll go into the next car and say out loud what you have just said to me." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "I mean that I'm too sick to touch you myself, but as I came through that car I saw two soldiers there that I know are from the army of the Potomac. I never saw either of them before, but, if you'll go in there and say to them what you have said to me, they'll put you off the cars before you know where you are, and I'll give this to see it done." The stranger "subsided," while a hearty cheer proved that the car full of travellers was in entire sympathy with the soldier. Against influences like this, in every town and village, and in the most retired farm-houses of the country, the radical slanderers of the General in vain labor. Soldiers' letters are powerful letters, and thousands and hundreds of thousands are read and re-read in every corner of the Northern States, expressing the soldiers' faith in the first of American generals.

The National Intelligencer well said, a short time ago, in substance, that when the enemies of McClellan chose to drop their attacks on him, then patriots and honest Americans could allow his retirement to be undisturbed. But the radical brawlers are determined to keep him before the public; and the most remarkable exhibition hitherto made is found in the avidity with which they seize on the remarks of violent Southern papers, and quote them with editorial approval. The closest sympathy seems to exist between the Richmond secession organs and the Northern radical papers, and they work together with a will, whether the object is to destroy the Union or to damage the reputation of the Union army and its generals.

The future of the country amid all the doubts and all the uncertainties that overhang it, exhibits most brightness in the general fact that the people reason for themselves and do justice in the end. The American people are thinking, every man for himself, as never before. The radical demagogue has lost his power. He cannot again lead astray the crowd of unthinking. Men know the wickedness, the relentless malice of the radical spirit, and, knowing, they abhor it. Hence it is that the mind of the people is growing wiser and better, and they recognize with clearness the distinction between lofty patriotism and self-sacrifice, in a man like McClellan, and selfish partisanship and malice, in men like these who occupy themselves in assailing him.

THE MAY MEETINGS—ANOTHER PROCLAMATION OF FREEDOM.

From Bennett's Herald.

THE American Anti-Slavery Society is about to hold its twenty-ninth anniversary in Dr. Cheever's church. It is summoned by W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Charles C. Burleigh, and the burden of the theme, according to the programme issued by these revolutionary radical leaders, is that "a decree of immediate and universal emancipation is demanded by the imperilled state of the country." We had supposed that the first "decree" would have done the business. The radicals and Abolitionists one and all said it would. But now it appears that the first decree amounts to nothing, and we must have another one. But would it not be better to give the first medicine a little time to operate, before administering another dose of the same stuff? Perhaps, too, before issuing a second proclamation, it would be desirable to ascertain whether the negroes want the physic. That the race are utterly indifferent to the tremendous efforts being made in their behalf is evident enough. Gov. Andrew, Beecher, Cheever and Greeley have completely failed in their efforts to raise a black brigade to fight for "universal emancipation"; and now it devolves upon Downing, the oyster-man, whose bivalves are of such excellent quality, to take the matter in hand. Perhaps he may succeed. Perhaps not. We shall see. But certain it is that he cannot do worse than the blueskins who are the shining lights of revolutionary radicalism. If Downing succeeds, then it will be time enough for the President to consider the propriety of sending forth another proclamation of freedom. Besides, it is incumbent on Andrew and Greeley to keep faith with Mr. Lincoln; and before he gives them a second "song of freedom" let them redeem their promise conditional on the first, to darken all the highways with the clouds of dust from a liberating army nine hundred thousand strong, marching South to the tune of old John Brown.

A MATCH FOR PROF. TRAIN.

From Bennett's Herald.

PROF. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has just returned to this city from his lecturing tour at the West. During his absence he has made one hundred and thirty-five speeches to large audiences, at twenty-five cents a head, and has netted between thirty and fifty thousand dollars, thus demonstrating the fact that patriotism of the right sort pays much better than any attempt to drive the idea of a street railway into the thick head of John Bull. Prof. Train will deliver a speech in this city next week, and we have an opponent for him worthy of his best oratorical and other powers.

This opponent is no less a personage than Miss Ann Dickinson, who is a young woman, and quite handsome, and who must not be confounded with Mr. Dan Dickinson, who is an old woman, and by no means good-looking. Ann (not Dan) Dickinson's bottleholder, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher—there is, of course, nothing but water in the bottle—states that she has been refused both the New York and the Brooklyn Academies of Music, and will, therefore, have to give her next public talk in the Cooper Institute. Now if Ann (not Dan) Dickinson will relinquish for a while her scheme to "stir up an insurrection in hell," and consent to hold a debate with Prof. Train, we will engage to obtain our Academy of Music for the occasion. Beecher, the bully parson, can take the chair and hold the stakes, and we are sure that the match will draw a crowded house. No profane language must be used, however, either by Ann (not Dan) Dickinson or the gallant Professor.

TROUBLE AHEAD—A SPECK OF CRINOLINE IN THE DISTANCE.

From The Rochester Union and Advertiser.

THERE is trouble ahead. The Administration will soon be called upon to grapple with a monster, in the presence of which the rebels, the contrabands, the Mormons, and all other peculiar institutions, will pale. The strong-minded women have thrown their banner to the breeze and propose to take advantage of the embarrassments of the government and the approach of the dog days to demand their inalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness on an equality with man, and to declare their indomitable determination to secure it, peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must, and to enjoy it in either crinoline or cassimeres as to them seemeth meet and proper. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony have issued their call for a national convention of the strong-minded at New York on the 14th day of May next. There is an ominous vagueness about the wording of this call well calculated to excite alarm! We protest, however, that we are no alarmists. Then the convention is to meet in Cheever's church! Is there no significance in this fact? * * * "When every hour is big with destiny it is high time for the daughters of the revolution *to lay hold of their birthright of freedom!*" Large words these. What do they mean? Let *Mr.* Stanton withdraw his spy forces from among the Dutch farmers of Western Pennsylvania and put them on this new trail! * * *

In case the strong-minded women should be successful in producing a "ministerial crisis," and bringing such a "pressure" to bear upon Mr. Lincoln as to induce him to issue a proclamation abolishing crinoline and all distinction of sex, just as he has abolished slavery and all distinction of color, it is presumed that the new Cabinet would be composed as follows:

Secretary of State—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.
Secretary of War—Jane G. Swisshelm.
Secretary of the Navy—Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck.
Secretary of the Treasury—Susan B. Anthony.
P. M. General—Julia Greenfield.
Attorney General—Daniel S. Dickinson.
Secretary of the Interior—Horace Greeley.

There is little doubt that this cast embraces more ability and statesmanship than the present Cabinet. Mrs. Stanton is well schooled in the intrigues of diplomacy, and would certainly be an improvement on Seward. Mrs. Swisshelm has handled her husband without gloves, and gallantly achieved a victory over all opposition in her suit for divorce. She has also had large experience in fighting the Indians at the West. Her mission to Washington was to induce a Summer campaign against the red skins, and as she now holds a place in the War Department, her transfer to Mr. Stanton's chair would be but the work of a moment. Mrs. Hasbrouck has strong recommendations for Mrs. Swisshelm's place, as her yearly encounters with the tax gatherer attest, but her eminence as the head of the hydropathic profession, and experience in managing the Middletown Water Cure, point her out as the proper person to succeed Mr. Wells. Miss Anthony has always been distinguished for her success in financially managing the conventions and movements of her party, and it is believed would hold the Treasury portfolio with a more honest hand than Chase, who is an aspirant for the next Presidency. Miss Greenfield has achieved a world wide reputation as the "Black Swan," and is familiar with all the mail routes in the U. S., having travelled over them in her concertizing tours. The two old ladies at the bottom of the list will do to draw the salaries of their positions, which are of no importance in the present crisis.

Selections.

CONVICTIONS MIGHTIER THAN INSTITUTIONS.

IN this war we may see a divine judgment, because it is evil working out its natural results. We, as a nation, established ourselves on the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and declared that "all men were born equal, and endowed with an inalienable right to life and liberty." Meantime we held slaves, and took no measures, as a nation, to abolish slavery. Here was war already; a latent war, indeed, but none the less real; war between the national idea and the national conduct; between the national institution, on the one side, and the national convictions on the other. Now, in such a war, one of two things must come—the institution must give way to the convictions, or the convictions to the institution. Failing this, the inner war *must* at last terminate in an outward struggle, in outward war. God's judgments are in bringing to light the things of darkness, and making manifest the man of sin hidden away in the secret consciousness.

Judgment brings evil to light, and, by bringing it to light, prepares the way for repentance and reformation. When the consequences of an evil principle appear, men are ready to see the wrong of it, and repent of it. And to repent is the first step in any effectual progress. The Apostle Paul, you will remember, says in one of his Epistles, that his readers must not suppose, even from his former letter, that the coming of Christ and his day of triumph was near. It cannot come, he adds, till the "Man of Sin" is revealed. This "Man of Sin" he describes as an evil principle of spiritual and ecclesiastical ambition, at that time latent in the Church—a secret poison. It must *come out*, he says, and be seen and understood and judged by the truth, and condemned and repented of before the day of Christ can come. Just so we needed this judgment to bring out and expose the inner conflict in this nation, between its principles and its institutions.

Therefore, for seventy years has been this inward war, this hidden conflict in the heart of the nation, between the idea of liberty and equality which make the nation's soul, and this outward institution from which the North and South got their gain, by which they were growing rich and richer day by day. We had seventy years given us by God, in any part of which we might have prevented this war by removing its cause. But three generations have refused to do it. The Revolutionary fathers said, "We have done enough in gaining independence for the nation. Let our children put away slavery when they choose!" Their children of the next generation said, "Time enough by and by. Slavery is a very wrong and bad thing, we know, but by and by it will be easier to abolish it. By and by it can be done, or will come to an end of itself." The third generation arrived, and found slavery the source of great and growing wealth and power to the nation, and said, "No! we will not touch it." The South said, "Our fathers were mistaken when they said slavery was wrong. Slavery is not wrong; it is right. Call all our doctors of divinity, and let them prove it to be so out of the Bible. Call our ethnologists and anatomists, and let them prove it right from the negro's skull and shin-bone. Call our moralists and let them show that it is right, because it makes the slave happy." So at the call of the cotton lords, they came and did their work. And so the whole South was united and agreed not to abolish, but to maintain and extend slavery; and to secede from the Union, or at least threaten to secede, if they were not allowed to do it.

On the other hand, at the North the people also finding themselves growing prosperous and powerful by means of this institution, said, "Let it alone. It is nothing to us. Am I my brother's keeper? Why exclude slavery from the Territories? It cannot go there. They are too wet, or too dry, or too mountainous, or too much of a prairie. The laws of God exclude it. Why reënact them? We are not responsible. We have nothing to do with it. Put down the Abolitionists and Free-Soilers, and let us have *peace.*"

Peace—peace—which was no peace. "Daub the wall with untempered mortar, and make it *look* like a good wall. The frost below is sapping it, the stream beneath steadily undermining it; but when the cracks begin to appear, put on a little mortar, and make it *look* like a good wall. It will last our day—after us the deluge." Such has been Northern statesmanship for the last thirty years.

They tell this story of William Lloyd Garrison: He was riding, one day, several years ago, in the cars; somewhere in Western New York. A Southerner in the car was told that Garrison was present, and said, "I should like to talk with him." So he said: "Mr. Garrison, I wonder how you can expect to succeed. Look at the facts. The more you preach abolition, the more it does not come. The Slave Power is much stronger now than it was when you began. You cannot unite the North against slavery, and you have united the South in its defence. See the facts. We have done everything we wished to do. We have annexed Texas, bought up the Democratic party at the North, silenced and defeated the Whigs, got a pro-slavery Congress, a pro-slavery Executive, a pro-slavery Judiciary. These are the facts." Mr. Garrison: "Yes! but *one* fact you have omitted in your estimate." "What is that?" said the other. Garrison replied, "*The fact of the existence of God.*" The Southerner, with the frankness which often belongs to him, threw up his hands, and said, "Well, by heaven, we do sometimes forget that, I think."

Meantime the idea, the conviction on which the nation was founded, did not die. It was awake and at work. It could not be put down by mobs. It could not be argued down by doctors of divinity referring to the curse of Noah, and Paul's Epistle to Philemon.

It could not be destroyed by the compromises of false-hearted politicians, only eager for power—who were ready to sell out their anti-slavery convictions to the highest bidder. The anti-slavery conviction of the country was deserted by its leaders—it lost its great men; but it went on, and on, and on. This was "the irrepressible conflict."

People say that the anti-slavery men were the cause of this war. That is perfectly true, in a certain sense. If there had been no anti-slavery, there would have been no war. The war could have been prevented in two ways: One way might have been by resisting the increase of slavery—shutting it out of new States; throwing the whole influence of the Federal government against it; and so, by degrees, killing it out. If that had been done, there would have been no war.

Or, on the other hand, if the Northern people, listening to the temptations of wealth, and the instructions of pro-slavery ministers, had given up all belief in human freedom, had expunged the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, and allowed slavery to extend itself where it would—into Massachusetts, or anywhere else; there would have been no war. In this sense, therefore, anti-slavery was the cause of the war.

But here was the question, you will observe. Here were two hostile and irreconcilable elements in the life of the nation—an institution and a conviction—the institution of slavery, and the conviction of freedom. One or the other must be put down, or war would come. Now which was the easiest to secure? The mistake our great men made was to think that it would be easier to crush a conviction than abolish an institution. That was a mistake; and I attribute the present war to the men who made that mistake, who thought that they could more easily destroy an idea in the soul of man, than abolish the institution of slavery. In 1850, under the lead of Daniel Webster, the great men of the land, after much hesitation, and after trying to be on both sides, finally saw that they must choose. They saw the approaching danger of war. They saw dissolution of the Union approaching. So they finally decided, though reluctantly, that it would be more easy to uproot the conviction of liberty than the institution of slavery; and they set themselves deliberately to work, to induce the North to "conquer its prejudices."

At first it seemed almost as if they were right. There was an alliance between the two great parties to put down all anti-slavery discussion in Church and State. A minister who spoke against slavery was to be turned out of his pulpit; no rising, ambitious politician was to be encouraged, who was not willing to be quiet. For a time the compromises seemed all well. The wall, daubed with untempered mortar, seemed a very good, solid wall. They merely forgot one thing—"*the fact of the existence of God.*"

God is more on the side of his ideas than of our institutions. When he sends an idea into the world he stands by it. It would have been a hard piece of work, no doubt, to have uprooted slavery, however gradually. But if our great men had decided to do so, in a wise but thoroughly earnest way, it could have been done. But what they tried to do—to put down the conviction of freedom in the human soul, *could not be done;* and hence this war is a judgment of God—first, on slavery, which it smites with the thunderbolt of battle; second, on slaveholders, whose pernicious sophisms and refuges of lies it will destroy forever; and thirdly, on all Northern time-servers, self-seekers, and false teachers of morality, who smote Christ in the house of his friends, and tried to persuade the nation that gain was godliness.

I think that God, in his providence, is now teaching us a great many things; but among the rest, especially this: to repent of our treatment of the African. We have hated him because we have injured him. He belongs to an affectionate and inoffensive race; and I know of no other way to account for the hatred borne to him by so many, except that reason which the sagacious Roman historian assigned as a trait of human nature.—*James Freeman Clarke's Fast Day Sermon.*

A VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA.

CONDITION OF THE FREEDMEN.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1863.

TWENTY years ago, when a mere lad, I had occasion to visit Alexandria, which was then the nearest place of any importance contiguous to Washington. Fresh from New England, with its high moral tone, its enterprise and neatness, I remember very well my impressions of disgust when stumbling along the dirty or grass-grown streets, and my horror upon visiting the slave-pen, then in the full tide of prosperous business, and seeing a gang of negroes manacled and bound with cords, driven through the iron-grated door into the gloomy high-walled yard. I thought, with a shudder, what a terribly cruel fate it is to be a slave, to be packed in a filthy dungeon like this, to be sold the next day at the auction block I had passed in the market-place.

Yesterday I visited the old town again, in the company of the special commission which has lately been appointed by the War Department to investigate the condition of the emancipated negroes, with the view of suggesting to the government a practical plan for their support and occupation.

I found the streets in pretty much the same condition as of yore, except that the grass had been trodden down by the commerce of war. The piers were crowded with shipping, little steam-tugs were puffing to and fro over the smooth waters of the river. Winding in and out of the city were long lines of ambulance and transportation wagons; while, sauntering along the streets, or standing at the doors of the few handsome dwelling-houses which relieve the place from a general appearance of shakiness, were to be seen groups of our soldiers.

One independent, free-and-easy looking Yankee sat dangling his legs out of the boudoir window of an elegant mansion, formerly the property of a well-known wealthy rebel, who had taken leave of absence from his home and is serving in the Confederate army.

The object of our visit to Alexandria was to examine into the condition of the negroes who have been collecting here since the commencement of the war. The result of the investigation, even in this limited field, proves the wisdom and absolute necessity of the organization of a Commission of Inquiry. Notwithstanding the numerous stories which have reached the newspapers of the coldness and shocking ill-treatment which the fugitive slaves have received upon coming within our lines, and the utter want of provision for the necessities of their helpless state when they come under the protection of our flag; yet neither our authorities nor the public have any adequate idea of their suffering and destitution. For instance: At Alexandria there have been gathered for eighteen months past an average of two thousand men, women and children, yet up to the present moment there has never been any person invested with the proper authority to see that they were employed, fed and clothed. Rations are distributed to them from the Quartermaster's Department, in the most irregular manner. Some five hundred live in the barracks built under the same direction. A Mr. Gladwin has been at work here for several months, and has not only kept the place clean and in a certain order, but has established a school which is attended by some hundred and twenty scholars, great and small. It was perfectly delightful to hear the little fellows only three months under tuition recite their lessons. The interest which they take in the efforts to teach them was marked and sometimes amusing. I noticed, while a class of curly headed urchins were answering to the teacher's "spell pen, cat, etc.?" by the motions of their lips that the others were going through a silent mental process in the same direction. A characteristic of these people which has met the observation of every one, struck me with peculiar force to-day, both in the school and in the filthy holes and dens where we found them throughout the city. I refer to the wonderful spirit of patience and quietness which marks every feature of the face. With all their debasement there is in the expression of their faces a freedom from grossness and wickedness which we cannot say of our own race. In the children this softness of outline becomes really beautiful, especially in the frequent instances where white blood has tinted the skin with olive brown. I have never sympathized with those who criticize Eastman Johnson for his frequent delineation of negro character. The Old Kentucky Home is one of the remarkable outgrowths of American art. Aside from its high artistic qualities, it has the rare merit of being a part of the contemporaneous history of the day. It is a genuine transcript from the most pleasing side of negro life. But let the artist accompany us along the river bank, amidst pools of stagnant water, ditches filled with garbage and filth, into those dens and holes where the negroes have sought refuge.

While he is sketching the pleased and happy expression of this negro face, let us ask her a few questions:

"Well, my good woman, what part of the country are you from?"

"Callpep (Culpepper, Va.), massa."

"How did you come here?"

"I kim wid de Yanks; dey tol me not to kim, dat t'was better ter stay wid massa to tak care on me, but it's no use, I'se boun' to kim, and so I kim wid de chil'n." One of the children referred to was sweeping the floor around the iron-box which had been improvised into a stove; another, a long silky-haired girl, with a soft, white skin and black eyes of wonderful magnetic power, was crouching on the old stairway, peering at us from beneath her arm.

"This is a wretched place you are living in?"

"Yes, massa; it's right bad."

"How do you manage to get along to live—who feeds and clothes you?"

"Well, massa, the guvn'ment gives us rations, an' den Harry works fur de guvn'ment, an' we's able ter pay fur de rent fur dese room, an' Missis Jacobs gives us clos sometimes."

"Rent," thought I, "this whole establishment not only seems pretty completely rented, but is likely to fall to pieces at any moment."

"You were well taken care of with your master at Culpepper, were you not?"

"Yes, massa; he 's pretty good, as they go."

"Now, hadn't you rather go back there than to live in this horrible condition?"

"Oh, no, massa; dere 's no campa'san. We *free* now."

Oh, that is the idea of it, thought I. Evidently these people are getting very grave notions into their heads. Finish your sketch, Mr. Johnson, and paint a picture of this despised race, suffering and neglected, yet joyous and contented, transfigured by the ennobling consciousnsss that they are free men and women.

WARD.

MEANNESS BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

THIS war, which has developed the noblest qualities in some, has also developed the basest in others. I do not know anything more mean and diabolical than this—when there is a prejudice against any poor and weak class, to make it one's business to exasperate and increase it—when a race is trampled upon, to set one's heel upon it more heavily—when a people are poor and weak, and find it hard to get a living by honest industry, in the face of a bitter prejudice, to make it harder, by circulating, greedily, all rumors against them, true or false. Now this unmitigated meanness, this consummate baseness is the systematic and persistent course of some of our newspapers. They think thus to please the poor Irish, I suppose, but I think that the Irish have a vein of generosity in them which will, sooner or later, make them despise such baseness. I do not know anything but a bad Yankee that is at once mean enough and cunning enough to do such things. The best thing, when corrupt, becomes the worst. "The sweetest wine," says the Italian proverb, "makes the sourest vinegar." So the Yankee, also, when good and true, is the noblest of characters; when he is bad, the meanest. And among mean Yankees the meanest of all is a pro-slavery Yankee, whether he be editor of a newspaper, a south-side doctor of divinity, an Episcopal bishop, or a president of a New Hampshire college.

There always will be croakers, and they are very useful people. God not only has made the birds who welcome the coming day, in the soft auroral twilight, with a multitudinous chant of joy, but He has also made the frogs who croak their sad complaints over the damp, departing night. It always has been so. People have croaked over every great advance of the human race. They croaked at the invention of printing—it took the bread out of the mouths of the copyists; at the Reformation of Luther—it opened the way to a deluge of changes; at the downfall of Paganism—so many respectable augers and haruspices were relieved of duty; at the progress of Christianity—so few respectable people approved of it—"not many wise or noble" being called. There are croakers now, also, who lament over the downfall of slavery, as though it were the very keystone of the State. One of these croaking gentlemen made a speech, the other day, in the Massachusetts Senate, in which, searching for the cause of the war, he found that in 1831, John Quincy Adams introduced several petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and our Massachusetts wise man says, "this act exasperated the South." Also he finds that in 1851, a coalition of Democrats and Free-Soilers chose Charles Sumner to the Senate, and George S. Boutwell as Governor; "and to this act, directly and indirectly," he adds, "and to these two gentlemen, more than to any other Northern men, is to be traced the present awful and deplorable condition of the country. It was they," he adds, "who succeeded in goading the South to open rebellion." The South was exasperated, and it seems justly, because we civilly asked that human slavery might not exist in our own National Capitol. We ought not to have made them angry. It was very wicked of the lamb to make the wolf angry, by drinking in the stream so near to him. It was very wicked in Elijah the prophet to trouble Israel, and exasperate King Ahab by rebuking his sin. It was very wrong in Jeremiah to exasperate King Zedekiah and the princes by not prophesying smooth things, and to make them wroth with him, so that they smote him and put him in prison. It was wrong in Naboth to exasperate Jezebel by refusing to give up his vineyard, and he was responsible for Jezebel's conduct in killing him. So, in the same way, it was wrong for Massachusetts to exasperate South Carolina by sending Mr. Hoar to give legal protection to Massachusetts citizens, and to exasperate the chivalric sons of Mississippi by not asking their leave before we elected Charles Sumner and Gov. Boutwell. Thus croak a few frogs still in the damp places of the land. But that sort of croaking is a safety-valve to let out the pressure of their dissatisfaction. I look upon the Boston *Courier* as a kind of marsh which has been providentially provided for these people, where they can sit and croak to each other in a sort of frog concert of mutual condolence—and if it makes them happy, why not?

There is, however, a different class of men, and a much more dangerous class, who mean to carry practical opposition to the government as far as they dare. They mean to give aid and comfort to the rebels, so far as they can do it, *salvâ cervice,* without too great elongation of their own necks. To this class belongs Mr. Saulsbury, in the Senate of the United States, who calls Lincoln an imbecile, and draws a pistol on the Sergeant-at-arms. To this class belong Seymour and Fernando Wood and James Brooks, in New York, and Vallandigham and others in other States. But all history shows that when, in time of war, men attack the government in this way, they will lose their influence. The best men of their own party will refuse to follow them. Those men in England who opposed the war against Napoleon, though they were patriots, yet because they opposed the government in time of war, fell into hopeless minority. Those men in Massachusetts who opposed the war of 1812, were politically killed from that hour. The instincts of the two nations said, "Whether the government be right or wrong, *it is at war, and we must support it.* Else anarchy—else national ruin." It will always be so. All factious opposition to our government in time of war will destroy itself. No harm will come to the nation from the efforts of unprincipled editors and politicians. I am glad they come out as they do. All loyal, honest Democrats will spurn them with contempt—as Dickinson spurns them, as Wright spurns them, as Henderson and Noel of Missouri spurn them, as Robert Dale Owen and Orestes Brownson spurn them, and as Benjamin F. Butler spurns them. —*James Freeman Clarke's Fast Day Sermon.*

FOR IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION.

From The St. Louis Democrat.

THE last number of the *North Missouri Courier,* published at Hannibal, and the leading Union journal in North-east Missouri, comes to us with some noble words upon the present condition of this State, and the remedy to be adopted to cure existing evils. The conclusion arrived at is, that the disease is rebellion induced by slavery, and the only reliable remedy is emancipation—not gradual, but immediate. These sentiments from the *North Missouri Courier,* which is published in one of the largest slaveholding Counties of the State, and where no inconsiderable disloyal sentiment has been manifested, enable us to form some idea of the progress of public opinion in this State upon the emancipation question. While *The Courier* at the present time, as a faithful exponent of the sentiment of that portion of Missouri which it assumes to represent, thus speaks out, other leading journals throughout the State will be encouraged to take a like position.

So works the leaven of freedom in Missouri. For a long time the free soil party of Missouri was almost entirely confined to St. Louis, and it was the boast of all pro-slavery men, that it would not spread beyond the limits of this city. The voice which comes up from all parts of the State to-day, tells how completely they have counted without their host. The country, as well as the city, has become free-soilized in theory, and the only remaining question is how they can become free-soilized in fact. So decided has this sentiment grown, that it will be found idle to attempt to oppose it with any slow and gradual process of liberation from the incubus of slavery. Prompt relief is the popular demand. The reasons why any system of emancipation which may now be adopted for Missouri, should be immediate and final in its operation, are so well expressed by *The Courier,* that we give its words upon this point:

"But to be effective, such a measure cannot be made gradual, for just as far as it be gradual will it lose its force as a war measure. Indeed, an act of gradual emancipation, so far from having the effect of putting an end to rebellion in Missouri, would only induce the votaries of treason to labor the more diligently to reclaim and reinstate slavery by a reconsideration of any ordinance of gradual emancipation. On the other hand, the immediate extinction of slavery in Missouri would leave open no such door of hope and encouragement to the enemies of the republic. No galvanizing could infuse life into slavery when once positively and absolutely dead. The State therefore would be considered by the rebels themselves as irreclaimably lost to their cause.

"Were these views at variance in any way with the best interests of the State, they might be put forward with less readiness, but since the welfare of the nation and of the Commonwealth, in this instance, run smoothly in the same channel, there need be no hesitation in advocating and putting into force immediate emancipation.

"As a system of labor in Missouri slavery is scarcely worth mention. Depleted in numbers and demoralized in character by the progress of the rebellion, the system has lost in a great measure the power and vitality it once possessed. As an effective, productive, valuable system of labor it is not now for a moment to be thought of, much less relied upon. Destroy it, and with it the continuance of the rebellion in Missouri, and in less than one year its loss will be repaid in a four-fold measure by the influx of intelligent white laborers, who now only await the turn of events to pitch the tents of their destiny upon the fertile fields of Missouri. The very increase in the value of our real property would in twelve months reimburse to the people ten times the value of the slaves set free. But we need not recapitulate these acknowledged truths.

"What we wish to say is, that with loyal Emancipationists (and we know of no other kind), the idea of gradual emancipation is becoming obsolete. It is fast becoming washed into the dim distance by the waves of revolutionary events. Immediate emancipation is daily becoming more and more popular, as being the only measure which will adequately extricate the people of Missouri from the bristling difficulties around them."

REV. DR. LORD—HAM ON THE BRAIN.

From The Springfield Republican.

AN amusing controversy is in progress in the religious papers and the Boston *Courier,* as to the quality of Dr. Lord's patriotism. Dr. Lord is the well-known President of Dartmouth College, an ancient and respectable institution at Hanover, N. H. Some twenty-five years ago he was an ardent Abolitionist, a supporter of William Lloyd Garrison, and exposed to suspicion among the New England clergy, who were then eminently conservative on the slavery question. Time's mutations have reversed the position of the parties; Dr. Lord has swung completely over to extreme conservatism, while his ecclesiastical associates have not only caught up with Garrison, but gone considerably ahead of him in practical abolitionism. Dr. Lord occasionally communicates with the public through the columns of the Boston *Courier,* the only paper outside of rebeldom that fully accepts his doctrine of the divinity of slavery. One of his articles was issued as a campaign tract by the Copperheads of New Hampshire, and was afterwards reprinted by the same faction in Connecticut, who put his name to it without his consent, the article having been anonymous in *The Courier.* Upon this state of the case the New York *Independent* and the Boston *Congregationalist* assail Dr. Lord with great vehemence, and not only denounce his theories, but call in question his loyalty to the government, and Dr. Lord has replied at length to his assailants through the Boston *Courier.*

Dr. Lord solemnly asserts his loyalty, and maintains that it is his right and duty to express his opinions freely as to the measures adopted by the government. So far he is right. No man who knows Dr. Lord doubts his loyalty, or his patriotic desire to see the Union maintained. He has given sons to the army, and his whole conduct is that of an upright and Christian citizen. But Dr. Lord is the victim of a theory. He has got mazed in a logical and theological labyrinth, and is not likely to emerge again into the region of fact and common sense till he shuffles off this mortal coil. His ecclesiastical friends should therefore deal gently with him, and while they smile at his absurdities, withhold unkind aspersions of his motives. Dr. Lord's hallucination dates logically a great way back. The curse of Noah is what infects him, and he may be fitly said to have Ham on the brain. Ham is the foundation and essential element of his whole theory of morals and government. If Noah had not taken more wine than was required for his stomach's sake, and his boy Ham had not indulged a prurient and irreverent curiosity, Noah would not have spoken his unfatherly and cruel curse, and it would not have been the duty of doctors of divinity to insist upon the enslavement of the negro to the end of time, as "God's providential order," and therefore the prime and essential thing to be done by all good men and just governments. Common readers of the Bible find nothing in the narrative to indicate that Noah's curse was of any more account than that of any other man awaking from a beastly stupor, and not a word to authorize the notion that God sanctioned the imprecation, and made it the duty of all men in all ages to execute it. Certainly for many generations Ham had the better of his brothers, and they were his servants, according to the Scripture story. Nor has Dr. Lord or anybody else ever made it clear that the negro is a descendant of Ham. In fact, the Scriptural and historical argument is lame in all its legs, and the moral still more so. The notion that God consigned a whole race to slavery while the world stands, because of a single fault of their ancestor, is too gross an outrage upon all ideas of justice to be respectfully entertained. But it is precisely this notion which possesses the learned and logical Dr. Lord, and rides him like a nightmare. He brings all things to this test, and he has no hope that this nation can be saved, because the President's proclamation of freedom to the negroes is in contravention of this "providential order." The government might make any other mistake, might break any and all other divine laws, and yet survive. But not this. The Calhoun politician makes slavery the corner-stone of free government; Dr. Lord goes deeper, and makes it the corner-stone of all government; without it there can be no institutions, ecclesiastical or political, that are not certain to fall before the divine wrath. Dr. Lord believes all this quite solemnly, and is therefore not to be blamed for sticking to it. Let the good old man cherish his whims. They are as harmless as the vagaries of the middle-age scholiasts. It is impossible not to laugh at them, but the venerable doctor is no more to be blamed or denounced than if he had taken St. Vitus's dance, instead of Ham on the brain.

MISSOURI.

GOV. GAMBLE is a Conservative man. He has always opposed Emancipation. Last year he made use of these words:

"The choice thus made of a temporary or provisional Governor will satisfy all that *no countenance will be afforded to any scheme, or to any conduct, calculated in any degree to interfere with the institution of slavery existing in the State.* To the very utmost extent of Executive power that institution will be *protected.*"

But the times have moved swiftly on since last year—and Gov. Gamble has moved on with them. He has lately called for a reassembling of the same State Convention to whom he addressed the above words a year ago, but whom now he summons "to consult and act upon the subject of Emancipation of slaves!"

This is progress. This is fruit grown from the seed of Fremont's proclamation. This is a sign of the times.

The Missouri *Democrat,* in discussing the call of the Convention, says:

"The times, we may well rest assured, have not stood still, when they have wrought such a change, in a period of some eighteen months, in the position of so conservative an individual as Gov. Gamble. What is much more cheering, however, is the fact that the times have, in the same period, wrought a much more decided change in the minds of the people of Missouri generally, upon the question of freedom or slavery, than they have in that of his Excellency. The assembling of the Convention at this time is the result of the revolution in the public mind rather than in that of the Governor. The act is a concession to public opinion. It proves the power of free-soil sentiment which has grown up in the State."

THE RICHMOND WHIG ON GEN. McCLELLAN

[While Gen. McClellan, remarks the New York *Evening Post,* was at the head of the Potomac army, the rebel journals always spoke of him with a great pretence of admiration. They used to assure the world that Gen. McClellan was the only man they were afraid of—the only Yankee General whom they thought to be possessed of any genius. These opinions were often cited by Gen. McClellan's admirers. Now, however, when this officer is displaced from the army, and when there is no likelihood that he will ever return to command, the rebel journalists come out with their real opinions of his merits as a military officer.]

From The Richmond Whig, April 21.

THE LATE GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

YOUNG NAPOLEON is dead—dead beyond resurrection. In the flesh he may still walk the earth, but in spirit, in power, in the hope of glory he is defunct. It is a noteworthy fact that the ulaloos and hullabaloos over this person have ceased in Yankee-land. For two or three months after his dismissal he was the pet object of Democratic sympathy and conservative sympathy; but now even Beast Butler has grander ovations than he. His name is seldom heard among men. He is no more.

A review of his career from the time he claimed Rosecrans's laurels in the little affair at Rich Mountain down to the battle of Antietam, would be instructive to the nation of liars who accepted him at his own lying valuation, and discarded him because his falsehoods, gigantic as they were

enemy, Hooker's corps, viz.: 35,000 men for duty, and four days after the same corps showed 13,500. Yet after this admission of loss and disorganization, he closes by claiming a great victory, with a capture of 13 guns, 39 colors, 15,000 small arms, and 6,000 prisoners.

His bombastic dispatches from Western Virginia secured his elevation. *His reputation was founded on lies. In lies he towered, and under lies he is lost—crushed. How fortunate for us that he was chosen chief of the Yankee army! With the immense numbers at his command, an officer of truth, enterprise, and daring would have pushed us sorely; but he was in awe of his dishonest reputation.* His lies made him a coward, and from the first day to the last of his military career, *he did not dare, on a single occasion, to expose himself to fire.* A mendacious, dastardly boaster, he perished so unmanfully that the ridiculousness of his last moments destroys every vestige of obligation conferred by his vain-glorious pretensions.

GOD IS IN THE WAR.

The principal thought which forces itself upon the mind, is, *that God is in this war.* We cannot keep out of sight the Divine Providence, which is sure to punish evil—sure to put down the proud and raise the lowly—which judges nations, as men, by fixed and inevitable laws. For the sake of our prosperity, our union, and our peace, we consented, during long years, to what we ourselves knew perfectly was unjust and wrong. What was the natural consequence? The South came to believe that we cared for nothing but money. As long as we were willing to concede, again and again, principle, honor, conviction, for the sake of union, peace and prosperity, they believed, and with good reason, that for the sake of peace, prosperity and union, we would concede every thing. If we had resisted at the first, we should never have come to this.

But the great Power which presides over the world meant that we should do justice. He cares for all His children. There is with Him neither Jew nor Gentile, neither bond nor free, neither black nor white. So, refusing to do anything for the slave; refusing to let the people go out of bondage; plague upon plague has come upon us, until, at last, we have reached the darkness of Egypt and the death of the first-born. And now, finally, we are driven to the point of emancipation, not because we wish to emancipate, but because we must. What we would not do for the sake of justice and humanity, we are compelled to do to save ourselves. We call on the negro, in our extremity, to save us. It will be a very strange illustration of the ways of God if the poor ignorant negro, trampled under foot of all, rises to the work of saving the American Union. "As a military necessity," says the President; "As a military necessity," says Gen. Butler. "Don't think we do it, because it is right," we say to mankind—"do not so misunderstand us; we do it because we cannot help it." But it must be done. All men of any sagacity, no matter what were their previous opinions, are fast coming to agree on this point. It must be done. The rebellion is slavery—and if we fight the rebellion we must fight slavery. Gen. Butler says the slaves are sure to be free. Wendell Phillips, as an Abolitionist, says his work is done. When the children of this world and the children of light are so emphatically agreed, I think that all between the two extremes will come to a like conclusion. Gen. Butler took seven pro-slavery Democratic Colonels with him to New Orleans, and they are all in favor of emancipation. Such is the logic of facts.

The objections to negro soldiers are coming to an end very rapidly. The low motive of selfishness must help soon to accomplish this result. When it comes to drafting, and the question is whether we shall refuse to let negroes be soldiers, and so increase the chance of being drafted ourselves and having our sons drafted, I do not think there are many who will refuse to let them go. Col. Higginson and Col. Montgomery, in South Carolina and Florida, have demonstrated that they make good soldiers. They take discipline well, are obedient, are imitative, have a great deal of the love of approbation, which is an important motive in war; and as to courage, courage in a soldier after he has been disciplined is a matter of course. Then they know the South; are acquainted with the country; are used to labor and hardship; do not need half the equipage that white soldiers need, in marching; and are not exposed so much to the diseases of Southern climates. If the war goes on I expect to see armies of negroes, all of whom will acquire self-respect as United States soldiers, and inspire respect in others. The wives and children will stay at their homes; the men will come and enlist; and this will be the best education for liberty—the best kind of transition from slavery to freedom.

People say, "What will you do with the negroes if you free them?" Providence answers the question—make soldiers of them. Give the negro the opportunity he needs. This is a part of the solution of the problem, and so we had better accept it. Another part of it is, to make Florida and Texas free States, and let the negro go there and work for wages; or work on land of his own, raising cotton by free labor. Free labor will supersede slave labor in a few years, if you give it this trial.—*James Freeman Clarke's Fast Day Sermon.*

THE SLAVE STAMPEDE FROM MISSOURI.

The "deportation-without compensation" movement is going on at such a formidable rate in Western Missouri as to threaten the absolute extirpation of slavery in that quarter in a short time. The slaves, not only of the border Counties, but of Counties low down on the river, are swarming across the line in droves, taking whatever movable property they can seize, and making their way, without molestation. On Friday night of last week, fifty ran away in a gang from Lafayette County, carrying off six wagons, eighteen horses, and one carriage. Nine of these belonged to Mr. Packard of the City Hotel, nine to H. Wallace, three to Gen. Vaughan, two to J. R. Graves, and two to Joseph Moreland.

The Lexington *Union* states that during the last three weeks not less than 300 slaves have escaped from Lafayette County. These slaves all go to Kansas.

The Kansas City *Journal of Commerce* reports that a procession of six wagons, one carriage, five horsemen and ten footmen passed through that place, last week, for Kansas. Each wagon contained from 10 to 12 persons—the whole numbering from 85 to 90 self-emancipated "chattels," on their way to a land of liberty. Each family had a heterogeneous collection of household furniture, rifles, shot guns, clothing, etc., in their wagons, and all appeared well supplied with the necessaries of life. Such things are of almost daily occurrence in this part of the State; and the papers report that a similar exodus is going on in other quarters.—*Tribune.*

From the St. Joseph Herald, April 24.

Fifteen intelligent contrabands arose, took up their beds, and walked from Andrew County to Kansas last week. They declared themselves disgusted with the proceedings of our State Legislature on the emancipation question, and expressed their entire want of confidence in the old State Convention, hence they were thrown back upon their reserved rights for emancipation, deportation, etc.

Prince L. Hudgens of St. Louis, represents Andrew County in the State Convention, and these darkies, as well as men of lighter hue, have very little confidence in his effecting much for the amelioration of the charcoal persuasion. One slave of Senator Wilson decamped, leaving word that he found it impossible to live with Dinah (his wife), and that circumstances of an entirely private nature compelled him to leave for Kansas.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

From The Evening Post.

Probably few of our citizens are aware that the government is entertaining, just now, in our midst, a distinguished guest—no less a person than Dr. or Col. Hambleton, of Georgia.

The name of this military Doctor will bring to many minds a host of pleasant and unpleasant memories. Dr. Hambleton's last visit to New York was made while his friends Toombs, Wigfall and Floyd were hastening their preparations for rebellion; and Dr. Hambleton, righteously bent upon spoiling the Egyptians, and seeing no more harm in robbing the enemy before a declaration of war than after, conceived the brilliant idea of printing for pay, in his paper, the Atlanta *Confederacy*, a "white list"—to contain the names of those merchants of this city with whom a slaveholding Southern gentleman might trade without injury to his principles, and to whom he might owe money without injury to his Southern honor.

Who does not remember the popularity of Dr. Hambleton when he developed this ingenious idea in this city? The noble art of black-mailing was never carried farther; men rushed up to the Doctor and insisted on being black-mailed; they thrust their contributions into his hands; they dined him and wined him till, being a man of a poor stomach, the wine and the nauseous conduct of his friends together made him sick.

But he feathered his nest—there is little doubt about that. On Monday last Dr. Hambleton returned to New York. On Wednesday evening he was seen and recognized by a detective, was arrested, and is at this moment, we believe, in the Park Barracks. He had in his trunk $15,000 in South Carolina and Georgia bank bills and $15,000 in Confederate notes. He seems to be a spy this time—not a great change from his last employment as a levier of black-mail. Did he in the hours between Monday and Wednesday meet any of his old contributors? Was he well received? Did the "white list" give him a dinner at the New York Hotel? Did they, perhaps, present him with a tuft of the grass which has been growing on Broadway ever since the Southern trade stopped?

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1863.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 48 Beekman street, New York."

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.

Tuesday Morning, May 12.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Anniversary in the Church of the Puritans, 10 a.m. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, President, in the chair. Addresses by Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, Robert Purvis, Wendell Phillips, and (not certainly, but probably) Theodore D. Weld. Admittance free.

Tuesday Evening, May 12.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Public meeting in the Cooper Institute, at 8 o'clock. Speakers, Theodore Tilton and Wendell Phillips. Admittance — cents.

Business Meetings.

The members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society will meet for business in the Lecture-Room of the Church of the Puritans at 3½ p.m. on Tuesday, and at 10 a.m. on Wednesday.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO.

Slang is often significant. It expresses what they that use it feel to be true, although they mean to imply the very opposite. Thus nicknames given in scorn and hatred have become watchwords and rallying cries of great movements and parties. The *Gueux*, or Beggars, in the Low Countries, the Huguenots in France, the Puritans in England, were all terms of reproach or ridicule, which were accepted as words of power. So Whig and Tory, Democrat and Radical, were appellations applied first by enemies and then taken up by the parties themselves, as suitable designations enough to describe them. So for years, whilst this Civil War was only in supposition, "the Irrepressible Negro" was one of the cant phrases of every section of pro-slavery politicians, conceived in contempt and used in despite. They did not believe that the Negro could not be repressed. They meant anything rather than that. But they perceived that in all the complications of their politics the Negro would persist in intruding himself and often deranging, if not defeating, their best-laid schemes. It was Conscience that made cowards of them all. Like murderers, as they were, they could look nowhere without seeing with their mind's eye the ghosts of their victims. It was in vain that all parties, excepting the Abolitionists, eagerly disclaimed any intention of doing the Negro's pleasure. All parties found themselves forced into his service, whether they would or no, and doing his work in their own despite. At length, the slaveholders resolved to see whether they could not escape from this pressure of destiny by withdrawing from the Union and setting up a polity of their own, built up upon the Negro as its foundation, in the hope that he would thus be effectually and forever repressed. And the Nation itself, almost up to the present hour, has been devising and contriving how it could preserve itself and subdue its Rebels, and yet keep the Negro properly repressed and out of sight. But the laws of God and Nature are too strong to be repealed by Congress or dispensed with by Presidents, and the Negro is at this moment more irrepressible, at the North and in the South, than he has ever been.

The Washington government has at last accepted the fact and made it the basis of a new action. Should the war last a year or two longer, and be prosecuted with the success which we may now honestly pray for, it is not unlikely that the Davis government may come to the same conclusion and also accept the fact. That any war, foreign or domestic, on a large scale, must end in the destruction of slavery we have ever held, and said, to be an axiom of political logic as well as of moral justice. When rogues fall out honest men come by their own again, and when oppressors quarrel the oppressed are like to get their rights. The progress of this war, its blunders and miscarriages and treasons have so plainly worked together to this end that, as Bonaparte said of the Pope at the time of the *Concordat*, if there was no such thing as Providence, it would be necessary to invent it for the occasion. The virulence of Southern pro-slavery spite inaugurated the Rebellion and the bitterness of Northern pro-slavery malignity has so pervaded the management of the war, up to a recent point of time, with the purpose of ending it by a surrender of everything worth having to bribe the Rebels back to govern us, that nothing but disaster and delay could be our portion. For we deserved nothing better as long as we put our forces into the hands of scarcely concealed traitors and kept spies of the enemy in our own pay in every important department at Washington. For the first few months the Negro was pretty well kept out of sight. Patterson and McClellan, and even Butler, for a very short time, thought he could be repressed. But he soon broke forth, more irrepressible than ever, and has been the main occasion of discussion and argument and contrivance, for much more than the half of the war. The fighting qualities of the black man have been tried and not found wanting, and the whole North is now willing enough that he should fight their battles for them. Happily, he cannot fight their battle without winning his own.

If the Negro and his friends had had the disposing of events they could hardly have ordered them better than they have fallen out. Justice and right demanded a different course from that which has been pursued towards him. But if the voice of justice and right had been heeded, this war would have been impossible, for slavery would never have existed, or been long since extinguished. It was out of the conflict of selfishness, the collision of real or imaginary self-interests, that his chance, like that of all oppressed races or nations, was to arise. It has now sprung out of this confusion, and his future depends greatly on the use he makes of that opportunity himself. And we rejoice to believe that he is conscious of the responsibility resting upon him and determined to discharge it faithfully for the advantage of himself and his posterity. The black man has *yet* to pass through much tribulation and many wrongs to the full recognition of his equal rights of manhood and of citizenship. Such a crime as slavery cannot pass away without a long series of penal consequences to the criminal parties, the immediate effects of which must fall in the first instance on his innocent head. Such a disease will not be cured without a *sequela* almost as afflictive as the malady itself. The refusal of commissions to competent colored men is an injustice and a hardship, and it does great honor to the intelligence and self-devotion of those brave men who have enlisted, that they have yielded the point to our vulgar prejudices. An opportunity is what they have been waiting for, these long years, and they are too wise to refuse to seize it, because they are not allowed all they are entitled to. Rightly used, the shoulder-straps will follow in due time and be the more honorable because well won. So the hardships to which the freedmen yet at the South and those who are asking

> —"their brethren of the earth
> To give them leave to toil,"

at the North, are flagrant and most iniquitous. Perhaps they are more immediately hard to bear than the organized bondage from which they have escaped. But the laws of demand and supply will in due time settle this labor question. The farmers of the Western and Middle States who have permitted the odious black laws to be passed, or enforced, will feel bitterly in their pockets this Summer and the next Autumn their mad rejection of the labor which was sent to their doors to supply the place of that the war had drained away. And as soon as the war is over, the demand for labor at the South must be such as it never knew before to repair damages and make good its losses. Every laborer will be needed, and the stimulus of wages must be substituted for that of the lash to make it sufficient for the needs. These necessities will make the opportunity of the black man.

We have said that this war cannot fail, sooner or later, to make the slaves freemen. The system of slavery cannot long survive, in any event, the shock which the war has given it. Such a villainy requires profound peace for its safety and prosperity. Even should a separation be the end of the war, slavery would live but a crippled and distempered life, even where it still lingered. Should the Union armies prevail, as we have hope that they now will, winnowed as they are of treason and incompetency, the end of slavery will have arrived. The proclamation would then attach to the territory actually held by our armies, Mr. Greeley and even Mr. Dana not dissenting, and the reconstruction, not of the Union, but of Southern Society, would begin on the basis of paid labor and the personal rights of the laborers. This will be the first and essential preliminary to the improved future of the Negro. His right to his own body and to the fruits of his toil, to his choice of employments and employers, of locomotion and personal residence, must be first established. On that foundation the edifice of his prosperity and happiness must be built up. He must mainly build it himself. It will greatly depend on his own industry, ingenuity, honesty and frugality. And the exercise of these virtues will be under great difficulties, requiring all the patience which his long servitude has fostered to surmount them. The white men will love him none the more that he is free. He will still have many hardships and acts of injustice and cruelty to endure; but he will have the encouragement of at least a possible futurity of success and prosperity. Nor will labors of his friends at the North cease when the material chains are stricken off his limbs. They will not be discharged from their service, though that service will be changed. While we hope that the Anti-Slavery Societies may expire with slavery at no distant day, the duties of their members to the emancipated slaves will not be at an end. Watchful eyes, ready pens, eloquent tongues and prompt hands will long be needed to do what can be done to guard the experiment of Freedom from the assaults of inveterate pro-slavery prejudice and hatred, at the North and the South. The Golden Age will not return with the legal Abolition of Slavery, nor yet will Justice descend at once from Heaven, after her long absence from the earth. But a better state of society, a surer prosperity, greater security of civil rights, increased strength at home and a compelled respect abroad, will not fail to follow a righteous ending of this war, and that cannot be had without the guarantee of a just and happy future to the Negro.

LETTER FROM A CATHOLIC LADY.

Oliver Johnson, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I do not like to spoil a good deed, but I am too sorely tempted to longer resist asking gratitude for my consideration in sparing you a long and very earnest reply to some remarks of yours in The Standard of, I think, the 4th April.

In introducing an extract favoring Russian Emancipation, from the Cincinnati *Telegraph*, you say that the "Catholic newspapers of the country are generally pro-slavery in the worst sense of the word"; a fact which, much as it tries me, I am not so simple as to attempt to deny, although I must protest against the natural inference your readers must draw from it. The Catholic newspapers no more represent the true Catholic spirit than the organs of Wood and his associates express the real sentiments of Americans. I hardly know sometimes, God forgive me for it, which I love the most, my country or my Church, and were I to find between them a "divided duty," I do not know how I could endure the state of misery to which I should be reduced. But the honor of one is the honor of the other, and the more Catholic I am, the more I must hate and detest that evil which is the curse of my country, as well as an abomination in the eyes of my Church. I feel towards those who steal the livery of either Church or country to serve—I suppose I shall shock you if I finish the sentence as it should be—just as much hatred and contempt as it is proper for a young lady to feel, and a great deal more than she ought to express.

Madam de Staël wished for one day of beauty; more ambitious than she, I would give much that is dearer to me than her fame to her, for one hour of unlimited eloquence, and I would employ it to the last second in freeing the Catholic Church from the faintest suspicion of countenancing slavery, or oppression in any form. As such a wish is not very likely to be realized, may I not hope that in my humble way now, I may induce you, who can do it so well and effectually, to say some word for the strong anti-slavery, ardent Catholics, who, every day and almost every hour, are made to smart under the taunts of those who, supported by these same *Catholic* newspapers, firmly believe that Catholics, besides all manner of idolatrous practices, are sworn to kneel to the great idol of slavery? I have little reason to suppose, however, that even if I were to write my long letter all over again I could make you think it worth while to remember Cochin and the Catholic Bishop of Orleans in France, and, may I say it, *Brownson* and Rosecrans in the United States, all slavery haters and emancipation advocates, although Catholics, for to those not personally interested it seems a small matter in these great times. Yet with what delight hundreds of us would hail a terrible lashing of these, our pretended representatives, and our real defamers!

I scarcely know how to apologize for having, despite my good resolutions, written you so informally on a subject which can be of but small interest to you; it does not seem fair to plead the very great pleasure which I take in reading The Standard, and my burning desire that it may some time find it worth while to think well of those who think so decidedly well of it, and its principles. I thank you very much for your kindness to my rhymes, but beg you not to spare my feelings in rejecting all that your charity cannot willingly receive. Very respectfully yours,

Sarah M. Brownson.

Elizabeth, New Jersey, April 28th, 1863.

We are not sure whether our correspondent designed her letter for publication or not, but we venture to print it as the heartfelt testimony of a Catholic Abolitionist. In saying that the Catholic papers of this country were generally pro-slavery in the worst sense, we did not mean to intimate that they were so by the force of Catholic principles; for we believe, on the contrary, that every Catholic who lives up to his professions must of necessity be an Abolitionist. Still, the fact remains, that the Catholic Church of this country like most of the Protestant Churches, has been practically on the side of slavery in the struggle of the last thirty years.—*Editor.*

The Edinburgh Review for April (American Edition, L. Scott & Co., 38 Walker street) contains ten articles, of which we give the titles, as follows: 1. Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea; 2. Worsley's Translation of the Odyssey; 3. Tithe Impropriation; 4. Simancas Records of the Reign of Henry VII.; 5. The Black Country; 6. India under Lord Canning; 7. The Bible and the Church; 8. Sir Rutherford Alcock's Japan; 9. Professor Huxley on Man's Place in Nature; 10. The Greek Revolution.

Female Medical College.—We have received a copy of the Valedictory Address to the graduating class of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, at the Eleventh Annual Commencement, March 14, 1863. It was delivered by Mrs. E. H. Cleveland, M.D., one of the Professors of the institution. A hospital is connected with this college, where, during the year ending on the day above written, more than fifteen hundred patients, in its in-door and out-door departments, were treated. Mrs. Cleveland's address is alike creditable to her and to the institution.

MR. WARD'S STATUE OF THE FUGITIVE NEGRO, AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

From The N. Y. Times.

With the exception of a few monumental works, the American sculptors of our day have been gravitating toward decorative art. A large majority of works of this kind are the faces or figures of pretty girls and children, out of which all traces of soul have been elaborated away in a mere aim at prettiness and mechanical finish. These emasculations, in a spirit of weak sentimentality, are called, incessantly, "Hope," "Faith," or "Innocence," to suit the pleasure of the purchaser, and may be changed at his sweet will, so that one statue can be made to do service for a whole gallery of sentiments. So much multiplied has this class of work become, and so ostentatiously has it been thrust before the public, that they have almost come to think that nothing better is worthy of their notice. It is not a little refreshing, therefore, to find a man who can grapple successfully with the higher requisites of his noble art.

The genuine interest and admiration which Mr. J. Q. A. Ward's work attracts is a symptom of a healthy change.

Here is the simple figure of a semi-nude negro, sitting, it may be on the steps of the Capitol, a fugitive, resting his arms upon his knees, his head turned eagerly piercing into the distance for his ever vigilant enemy, his hand grasping his broken manacles with an energy that bodes no good to his pursuers. A simple story, simple and most plainly told. There is no departure from the negro type. It shows the black man as he runs to-day. It is no abstraction, or bit of metaphysics that needs to be labeled or explained. It is a fact, and not a fancy. He is all African. With a true and honest instinct, Mr. Ward has gone among the race, and from the best specimens, with wonderful patience and perseverance, has selected and combined, and from this race alone erected a noble figure—a form that might challenge the admiration of an ancient Greek. It is a mighty expression of stalwart manhood, who now, thanks to the courage and genius of the artist, stands forth for the first time to assert in the face of the world's prejudices that, with the best of them, he has at least an equal physical conformation.

We have seen no work of modern American sculpture which equals this in artistic ability. It is genuinely original. It has been studied from nature, not as are most American statues, in the galleries of the old world. In its individual parts, there are no plagiarisms from the Apollo. In all the galleries of ancient art, no sculptured man sits in this posture, no one embodies the same or a similar sentiment. The great forms, as well as the minuter details, are felt with all a Greek's eye for an expressive and harmonious whole In this statue there is no skin-deep work. His muscles swell to a definite purpose, and though they cover they still account for the underlying mechanism.

Mr. Ward's name is one more added to the long list of eminent Ohio sculptors which claims a Clevenger and a Powers. He has been highly and widely praised for his statue of the great Western Pioneer Kenton, which he designed for his native State. His "Indian Hunting Boy" was the gem of the last year's exhibition. This exquisite statuette was remarkable for its fidelity to the physical, mental and moral character of the savage. The wild "varmint" of the woods, peering and hurrying along the track of his game, himself an animal fierce and instinctive as the dog by his side, was a great refreshment after our plumed, bald-headed, Roman-nosed and immemorial acquaintance, the Indian of English Poetry, of bank notes, school orations and the stage. Mr. Ward's negro has the same veracity—is neither a saint nor a sinner, but a very "likely" contraband, making his fight against the many and dreadful disadvantages of his constitution, his condition and his race.

This fidelity to the actual, we take to be the first and indispensable condition of real influences in a work of art. Without it we can have no hold on strong minds and strong hearts; we cannot even arrest the final judges, men of reality, earnest for fact as the weapon with which they must do the work of the world. Is this negro, then, a *bona fide* negro—the "genuine article"?

The final question will be, whether he makes a good and sufficient fight. When the difficulties are fairly shown, is there yet manhood enough in the figure to overmatch them? Here is the round head, the flattened face, the air, well felt through all his energy, of long oppression before superior force—here are all the elements of his tragedy; now, is there fire enough in him to convert them all to mere fuel for the flame of heroism? Is our negro a load or a lift?

But the significance of this figure is not narrowed by its individuality, or confined to that. This joy of escape from bondage to self-reliance; this mind divided between evasion and resistance; this determined vigilance, the guard and price of freedom, is not merely or mainly an incident of the passing day. In its largest meaning, this is the story of every exodus, and so is a piece not only of our own time and history, but of all history and of universal time.

That the figure is well placed, and, as a mere figure, is very largely, as well as accurately conceived and modeled, no intelligent student will fail to see. As a spiritual presence, a spark and kindler of imagination, while we feel—we cannot, of course, measure or define—its power, it has no prettiness or pettiness—not enough of action or incident to interfere with the full effect of character or personal and impersonal force. It is, in every respect, an effort in the right direction; an example of true, not counterfeit ideality; a work that will not dwindle or vanish before our eyes.

COLORPHOBIA IN CANADA.

In Chatham, Canada, lately, in the Court of Assizes, a negro was duly impannelled as a juryman, when, according to *The Planet*, the following proceedings took place:

"Upon the case being called, Mr. Thomas Russell, rose in the jury box and said that one of the jurors chosen was a colored man, and the eleven white men had agreed that they would not sit with him. He said this in behalf of the jury, but out of no contempt for the court, but simply stated the fact, and begged to be relieved.

"Judge Richards—I know no reason why you should not in the eyes of the law act as jurymen, as you have been chosen.

"Mr. Russell—We do not think he is intelligent enough to act.

"Justice Richards—But *the law says he is*, and that is sufficient. The law is the judge in this matter, not the jury.

"Mr. Russell—Well, then, sir, I must respectfully decline to sit as juryman with this colored man.

"Justice Richards—Well, then, I shall fine you.

"Mr. Russell—And if I do not pay the fine?

"Justice Richards—I shall send you down below (to gaol).

"Mr. Russell—Well. (Here Mr. Russell left the jury box.)

"Justice Richards—Mr. Clerk, what is that man's name leaving the box?

"The Clerk (Ireland)—Mr. Thomas Russell, my lord.

"Justice Richards—Well, then, record a fine of five pounds against Mr. Thomas Russell.

"Mr. Sargeson Verrall, standing in his place in the jury box—My lord, I am ill able to pay a fine of five pounds, but really I cannot sit here, but go to the cells. (Here Mr. Verrall left the jury box.)

"Justice Richards—Mr. Clerk, what is the name of that man who is now leaving the jury box?

"Mr. Clerk—Mr. Sargeson Verrall, my lord.

"Justice Richards—Record a fine of five pounds against him, too. (A pause.) Call some more jurors to fill up the places of those who have left the box.

"The Clerk then proceeded to call the names of Mr. Hugh Palmer of Oxford, and Mr. Wm. McPherson of Bothwell, who took the vacant seat and were sworn in as jurymen in the room of Mr. Russell and Mr. Verrall, who refused to sit."

So much for the attempt to introduce the principle of American caste in a British Court! Judge Richards, by his firmness, did honor to himself and his country.

Vallandigham Arrested.—The *Hon.* C. L. Vallandigham was arrested at his residence in Dayton, Ohio, on Tuesday, by a military force sent up from Cincinnati by Gen. Burnside. The soldiers were obliged to batter down two or three doors of his house before they could reach his room and take him. His friends then rung the fire-bells and called out the people, when an attempt was made to rescue him, but it failed, and he was carried off to Cincinnati. The mob subsequently cut all the telegraph wires in Dayton and set *The Journal* office on fire. Property to the amount of $39,000 was destroyed. The telegraph office was closed for fear that it would be gutted by the rioters.

The precise reasons for the arrest are not known, but it is supposed that Gen. Burnside took the step in view of information received in regard to some of his recent words and acts.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, May 3, 1863.

One cannot get a hearing in Washington for any subject but that of military movements between here and Richmond. Yet, intense as is the anxiety to learn everything possible of Gen. Hooker's movements, our papers do not venture to publish anything. *The Chronicle* was all ready with an *extra* yesterday, but Mr. Stanton suppressed it. This, at any rate, is common rumor here. Gen. Hooker was very particular, before going at his work, to stipulate that the newspapers should be made to keep silence when he should begin to move. So the Secretary of War sent word to the newspapers here that silence was expected of them for a time. *The Chronicle*, perhaps, did not receive the friendly notice or warning, and was at the trouble of preparing an extra—and then had to suppress it. I will not write a word respecting the news from the Rappahannock, the situation changes so rapidly. What is good news to-day is bad to-morrow. Gen. Hooker has begun his work boldly, however, and he has unexceptional weather for it. No man can grumble at these sunny, beautiful days. Yet Stoneman found deep mud on his wild journey in the rear of the rebels, and Hooker found enough of it not far from the banks of the Rappahannock.

The Baltimore *Sun* of yesterday morning contained the following article in its local columns. As a part of the history of the times, and a very important part, I incorporate it with my letter:

"A demonstration of riot occurred at the President street station yesterday forenoon, which at one time threatened to be serious in its results, but which was quickly checked by the military. A colored surgeon, named Alexander Augusta, with the rank of major, in charge of the contraband hospital in Washington, was passing through the city, and while in the cars at the President street depot was observed by some persons who were in that vicinity. His presence in military uniform at once created excitement, and several went into the car to make an assault on him. *His epaulettes were stripped from his shoulders*, when he called on the military guard at the depot for protection. A large crowd soon assembled, and it was deemed advisable to conduct him to the office of Col. Fish, where he would be protected until the time for the train to start. A crowd of some two hundred persons followed, and while on the way *several of them struck Augusta.* Charles W. Hancock was arrested by the guard and lodged in the central police station.

"The throng followed to the office of Col. Fish, and lingered for some time in the street in front. Shortly before one o'clock Lieut. Morris, with a guard of detectives in citizens' clothing, started with Augusta for the depot. A crowd gathered as they walked along the streets, and when at the corner of Pratt and President streets a rush was made, and a party, who gave the name of James Dunn, *dealt the major a powerful blow on the nose, which caused the blood to flow copiously.* The guard immediately drew their revolvers and pressed the throng back, while Lieut. Morris caught Dunn and sent him back to his quarters. Augusta was got safely on board the train and went North. The parties arrested are now confined at the central police station, and will be tried by military commission on the charge of insurrection and sedition. The excitement subsided immediately after the departure of the party whose presence created it."

I think it will be difficult for any respectable man (and by the word respectable I mean a man who is not a dog, who is not entirely lost to all sense of what is fair and decent)—it will be difficult for any respectable man to read this article through with a placid countenance. Here was an innocent colored man, who was in the service of the United States as a surgeon. If any blame attaches to anybody, even admitting the colorphobists to be right, the colored surgeon was not to be censured by any one. The government accepted his services and commissioned him, yet the villainous rowdies of Baltimore attempted to kill this unoffending man, simply because he *accepted* the commission. I wait now to see whether or no Mr. Stanton defends his parchment. He has commissioned Dr. Augusta. The rebels of Baltimore have said plainly in his face, "If you commission a negro, we will kill him. If you put epaulettes upon his shoulders, we will tear them off!" I hear that Mr. Stanton will see to it that the offenders in the riot are severely punished, and will make such an example as will render it safe hereafter for a colored officer to pass through Baltimore. I trust this is so, for if it is not, if the government winks at such things, it will break down in its new policy. If we are to have a negro army, the government must give to it all the rights and privileges of a white army. There must be no hesitation on this point. Better burn Baltimore even with the ground than permit any agent of the government to be deliberately mobbed in the streets. This brutal attack upon Dr. Augusta is the first outbreak in the border country against the policy of employing colored men to fight in this war. As it is the *first*, the government must show that it is determined to defend its deliberately-chosen position with all the military power at its command. If Mr. Lincoln hesitates in this matter, he is lost. I have noticed in Washington that but one thing availed against colorphobia, and that was *military power.* The feeling against the colored man along the border, or rather I should say the *free* colored man, is fiendish, but it gives way to bayonets. The cowardly wretch who attempts the life of a black man simply because he is a black man, will cower before the loaded musket or the charged bayonet. It is the only way to put down and extinguish negro hate in the midst of this great civil war. We have no time for other means, which require teaching, preaching and long-suffering. Let the cannon's mouth speak the word that shall suppress the negro hate of the semi-secessionists of the border. I mean simply by this, that the men who will venture to attack colored persons in the service of the government must be dealt with in a summary manner. Only in this way can the government triumph.

Our municipal election occurs in a few weeks, and something of an excitement is growing up over it. There are two parties, but each claims to be for the war. The Copperheads do not venture to show their heads in Washington yet as a political party. But in the two organizations there is a great difference. One contains all the anti-slavery men, and the other all the pro-slavery men. The candidates of one party are in favor of the anti-slavery policy of the Administration, and the candidates of the other are opposed to everything that shall interfere with the alleged rights of slaveholders.

The war and the immigration of "Yankees" to this city have greatly increased the value of all kinds of property here. I overheard two natives, pro-slavery men, discussing the subject a day or two since. Says one of them, "We may deride these Yankees as we will—they are making a first-class city out of Washington. They are putting money into my pockets every day. My real estate is worth nearly double what it was before these Northern men came here with their improvements!" The real issue of our municipal election is between Civilization and Barbarism, and I am not at all certain that Barbarism will not win, so strong is the prejudice against the "Yankees" among the Irish and the old inhabitants of the city.

I notice that Col. Forney, in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, complains of the conduct of the Administration in keeping so many doubtful men in office. He says:

"It is a fact which is not denied, that many persons now occupy positions in the Departments here who claim to be members of the Democratic party, and who frequently admit that they have no heart in this contest, and many members of whose families are among the most envenomed and persistent of the revilers of the Administration of Mr. Lincoln. All these persons will be retained by the next Administration of the Federal government, should that Administration be composed of men like themselves; and there is not a thorough Union man now in office, Republican or loyal Democrat, who, in such an event, will not be hurled out of place, even if his personal safety is not in danger. This fact is as well known to the good men as it is to the false men in place here. The latter congratulate themselves that more than two years of Mr. Lincoln's Administration have expired, and if they can be kept where they are through the remainder of his Presidency, they will be enabled to assist the partisans with whom they are in constant communion by furnishing them such information as will help their demonstrations against the government in the free States."

This is what has often been said by men more radical than Col. Forney, but when the Secretary of the U. S. Senate makes such a charge, perhaps somebody will heed it who has power here.

It will be remembered by some of your readers (I alluded to the fact at the time) that during the last session of the recent Congress Mr. Covode alluded to the fact that Copperhead Cox's brother was in the Interior Department as a Clerk. Judge Usher dismissed him at once, but a fortnight after Congress adjourned, *reinstated him!* Judge Otto, the Assistant Secretary, dismissed a clerk the other day who is a notorious Copperhead, and within a week Judge Usher reinstated him. One day last week a clerk in the Treasury Department publicly denounced Henry Wilson as an Abolitionist. His language was shockingly profane and indecent. I could give many more instances of this kind, but what is the use? Every contractor and toady in the country will cry out against *me* and no against the practice of giving offices to our enemies But I make this prediction: unless the Administration shifts its policy in this respect, the Republican party will be beaten to death in the next general election. Such management will overcome all the advantages of position and sound principles. Avon.

Our Boston Correspondence.

Boston, May 4, 1863.

Our May-day, in this bleak place, was considerably milder than usual; the east wind, which always prevails at this time, being only moderately chilling, instead of severely so. We (the estimable class of people which your correspondent represents) have often been slanderously reported of as having no bowels of compassion for any but black sufferers. Vile calumny! Even *my* eyes (albeit unused to the melting mood) have many a time felt tears rise in them when, facing the cold breeze in my later May-morning walk, I have met a procession of juvenile innocents returning flowerless from their early one. The scanty white dresses of these little ones, their bare arms and necks, their heads uncovered save by wreaths of tissue paper vainly simulating roses, and their long walk before sunrise in this unsheltered fashion, are tributes to the traditional May-day which their ancestors enjoyed in England; but their pale faces and blue lips, to which even exercise so disadvantageously taken can impart no better color, have long warned us that a reformation is needed in regard to that time-honored festival. Boston, you know, is the city of notions. We have taken the notion that May-day, henceforth, shall be celebrated on the last day of May instead of the first. Thus, keeping the much-loved name, we shall obtain the balmy morning air, and the profusion of flowers, which make that festival so prized by our friends (friends if they behave themselves aright) across the water.

You have already noticed the arrival in Boston of that historical personage, Mr. Thomas Sims. His story, since the memorable march down State street and Long Wharf, under guard of Boston policemen and soldiers, to the Brig "Acorn," for rendition to his Southern "owner," is a very interesting one; and I trust your citizens, as well as ours, may have the opportunity of hearing it from his own lips. I had the pleasure of seeing him on his first arrival, ten days ago, at the Anti-Slavery Office in this city. On being asked whether he had thought, at the time of that mournful return into slavery, on the possibility of another escape, he replied that he had never had any different idea. The vigor and confidence displayed in this answer are expressed also in his countenance. He looks like a man of resolution and a man of action; he looks like one unlikely to remain in slavery; and I presume this look accounts, in part at least, for the repeated change of masters which has befallen him since his return to the South, and for the comparatively favorable treatment he has received during the past twelve years. An account of his personal adventures since his enforced return to slavery, and of such facts in regard to the rebel armies and people as have passed under his observation, will be given at the Tremont Temple on the evening of Monday next.

The President's Fast received its celebration here in the customary manner; that is, by the assemblage of a portion of the people in churches and meeting-houses, and the indulgence of the rest in recreation, active or passive. Of course, no Abolitionist could comply with the President's absurd and shameful request, to pray for the restoration of our country "to *its former* happy condition of unity and peace"—since that would be praying for a return of the times of Pierce and Fillmore; for a renewal of the supreme and undisputed authority of the Slave Power; and for a continuance of the deteriorating influence exercised by that power upon Northern manners and morals. That influence has already brought us to the brink of ruin, corrupting the very heart and will of the people to such an extent that they did not choose to use the power which God had graciously put into their hands, of making an immediate end of slavery. What madness, then, to pray for the return of that state of things! It is as if Sinbad, waiting till the Old Man of the Sea had recovered from his drunkenness, had offered his neck again to be the seat and throne of that merciless tyrant. No! For Heaven's sake, no more of that! Bad as war is, it is not *so* bad as a permitted and unobstructed continuance of slavery.

By the way, our Copperhead *

to the relief of the garrison, and that it was useless for them to continue the siege. They therefore inconsiderately pulled up stakes and skedaddled, giving a new illustration of the power of music. NOTE.

PERSONAL.

Mr. G. W. Rose has a Photographic Group of the Friends of Freedom at the Rooms No. 101 Liberty st., which is worth seeing.

A sister of Gen. Hooker, the wife of Rev. M. L. P. Thompson, of Cincinnati, died suddenly in that city a few days since.

Walt Whitman, author of "Leaves of Grass," is now living in Washington city, and, having left off making poetry, now makes gruel for the sick and wounded soldiers in the army hospitals.

At a large Union League meeting in Sacramento lately, Senator Conness pledged himself to sustain the Administration in its most radical measures for suppressing the rebellion, and not follow the lead of Senators McDougall and Nesmith.

The Chillicothe (Mo.) *Chronicle* announces that James S. Rollins, formerly a member of Congress, has given in his adhesion to the Emancipation cause, and declares his belief that the best thing Missouri can do is to adopt a plan at once for the gradual liberation of slaves.

The Cleveland *Leader* says that the slave woman Lucy, whose arrest in that city and return to slavery created so much excitement a couple of years ago, is living there, having again escaped from Goshorn, her master. She arrived about a fortnight ago.

The Newport (R. I.) *News* says that Gen. Cass, who has been for some two months past the guest of his son-in-law, Henry Ledyard, in that city, has so far recovered his health, which was quite feeble when he first came there, as to be able to appear in public.

Col. Romaine, the Haytian Minister, says the Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, is quietly attending to his duties, and is perfecting arrangements which will secure the emigration of some of the best colored people of this District, who propose entering into the culture of coffee and cotton.

In making up the Anniversary Programme for last week's paper, we accidentally omitted from the list of speakers at the morning meeting the name of our highly esteemed and eloquent friend, ROBERT PURVIS. The friends of the cause will be glad to be assured that he will speak on the occasion.

Wendell Philips, by invitation of the Sixteenth Ward Republican Association, will deliver a lecture, on the State of the Country, in the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents; reserved seats 50 cents. The proceeds, after defraying expenses, to be for the benefit of the anti-slavery cause.

The Herald says that W. H. Aspinwall, R. B. Forbes, Robert J. Walker and Wm. M. Evarts have gone to Europe in the interest and under the direction of the Administration. Of Mr. Evarts *The Herald* says: "This gentleman, whose long and intimate relations with Mr. Seward, as well as his known ability, have no doubt pointed him out for the post, has departed on a mission for the State Department."

The Ashtabula (O.) *Sentinel* of April 29, says: "Our townsman, Hon. J. R. Giddings, arrived at home on Saturday, on a visit to his family. Hon. B. F. Wade and family have returned to their home in this place, and will spend the Summer in Jefferson. Major G. R. Giddings was also at home on a short furlough, from his post at New Orleans, to which he returned yesterday.

Anna E. Dickinson spoke on "The Three Methods of Peace," at the Cooper Institute, on Saturday evening last. Although the price of admission was fifty cents—twice the sum usual on such occasions—the hall was a perfect jam. On Monday evening she spoke at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. The immense building was crowded in every part. We believe it is her intention not to lecture any more for some time, but to take the rest she needs after the severe labors of the last season.

The Boston *Commonwealth* of last week says: Gov Andrew, accompanied by Secretary Chase, Dr. Howe, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, and others, visited the camp yesterday and reviewed the regiment. 840 men were in the ranks, and they won great praise by their evolutions. His Excellency reached the ground about three o'clock, and remained until nearly five. Mr. Garrison was also present at the review, in which he seemed to take much delight, notwithstanding his peace principles. No speeches were made.

William C. Bloss, a well-known Abolitionist of Rochester, died lately in that city, aged 69. He had lived there from his early manhood, and was known as an enthusiast in "every good word and work." He was a man of extraordinary mental energy and power, and of irreproachable character. He was in the Assembly through the sessions of 1845, '6 and '7, and is remembered by his associates as incorruptible, earnest and eloquent. He was often eccentric, but his eccentricities were always on the side of religion and virtue. He lived for the future, and he has gone to his rest.

We perceive (says *The Independent*) by *The Free Press*, Sierra Leone, that William Wilberforce is held in such honor in that country that a building is to be erected in Freetown, to be called by his name and dedicated to his memory. The institution is designed for a public library and lectures, and a sufficient fund has already been provided for its erection. Freetown—or, as it is sometimes called, St. George—is romantically situated, surrounded, like Jerusalem, with mountains. It contains about 20,000 free-spirited people, who, in founding their lyceum, honorably remember the British vindicator of the rights of the African.

At a political meeting lately held at some place in the West, Hon. John Wentworth (familiarly called "long John") made an address, in which he said:

"The speakers to-night have had different experience, and have made strong speeches, but, as radical as I am, I endorse all they have said. I know the cause of the war, and told you years ago, that when the Constitution ceased to protect slavery, then the flag of our country would be fired upon. Is it not so? I am opposed to all compromises (cheers). I am in favor of the Constitution as it was, simply because it is now an Abolition Constitution (Cheers), and every man that is now for the old Constitution is a Union man. He denounced the Border State policy, and said a Copperhead was a gentleman compared with a Border State compromise man, who would sell the North."

A few days since, the Andover (Mass.) Association of Congregational ministers, after their customary business meeting in Lowell, went in a body to the office of Gen. Butler and tendered him, through one of their number, the expression of their high appreciation of his public services, and their unfeigned thanks for the energy and devotion to the right which he had shown, and pledged him, in whatever position he might be allowed to serve the country, the continuance of their good wishes and their prayers, assuring him that they came not as politicians, but as Christian ministers and Christian patriots. The General replied with deep emotion. He had not expected any such reward as this. Most cordially he thanked them for their good opinions, declaring that he prized the approval and the prayers of no living class of men more sincerely than those of the clergy of New England. In course of his remarks he expressed the most lively conviction that the result of the war would be the freedom of the country from the cause and existence of the rebellion.

Henry Ward Beecher sketches this portrait of Gen. Halleck:

"He is wise in military history. He knows what has been done, rather than what should be done. If old battles were to be fought over again, probably Halleck would be our best General. It is his memory and not his invention that is strong. Unfortunately, for the use of his best gifts, all our campaigns have required new ideas. He is patient and industrious. He pulls at the war with dull, oxlike strength. As yet, he has shown nothing of genius. His plans and combinations, so far as developed, have excited no admiration for brilliancy, nor even for efficiency. Opinionated, obstinate, bitter in his prejudices, he seems unable to use to the best advantage the men whom he might command. But he is steady, strong, plain. He is just the man that the President understands and likes; a man without fancy, without novelty of idea, without dangerous impetuosity—a sober, solid, reading, reflecting man, who could edit a Military Encyclopædia—if it took him a hundred years.

Gen. S. F. Cary, of Cincinnati, hitherto distinguished for conservatism, made a speech at Springfield, Ohio, lately, in which he said:

"I was not in favor of Fremont's proclamation, but I have got religion since then (laughter). This war will not cease till slavery is sunken. It has been the economy of God in all past histories to make slaveholding nations fight for the removal of the curse. Not at first, but now I am in favor of using the negroes in any way to assist in putting down the rebels (cheers). When we all come to this we can close the war. (Voices—'That's so'). Let us save the Union and the Constitution, and God will take care of the white and black races. When you hear a man vaporing about Mr. Lincoln's breaking the Constitution, with nothing to say about Jeff. Davis, set him down as a traitor. If you think Mr. Lincoln weak, then the greater scoundrel you are if you do not help him (cheers). A rebel has but two rights—a constitutional right to be hung, and a divine right to be d—d (terrific cheers). God bless Mr. Lincoln with all his faults (roaring applause). We are making history, let us make it well."

Says the Boston *Commonwealth*: The examination of Dr. Augusta, a colored surgeon, at Washington, and his approval and appointment to be a surgeon in the national army, is another milestone in our slow progress away from our prejudice of color. But there were some things in the examination not so creditable to the authorities as to Dr. Augusta. On the 23d of March he presented himself at the proper office with his papers, and to the surprise of the Register announced himself to be the Dr. Augusta mentioned therein. On reporting the matter to Dr. Meredith Clymer, President of the Board (a South Carolinian), he was asked to call the next morning. He did so, and was told that his examination had been suspended by the Surgeon-General until the Secretary of War had been consulted, evidently wishing to get rid of him. But the Secretary sent a peremptory order that he should be examined without delay. On the 30th ult., the examination took place, and, instead of being *written* as with white candidates, it was oral, and very severe. But he passed, and is now a major in the army, assigned to service with Ullman's brigade.

A WORD FROM MR. POWELL.—Our friends, Aaron M. Powell and his wife and sister, spoke in Hudson, N. Y., on the evening of the late Fast-day. In a private note Mr. Powell says: "We had a good meeting in Hudson. In the morning we attended the united service held in the largest church in the city, and listened to a sermon by Rev. Mr. Demarest, a popular, and hitherto pro-slavery minister of the Reformed Dutch Church. When we were making efforts for a Personal Liberty law he was asked to sign our petitions, but very promptly and positively declined, with emphatic pro-slavery affirmations. His Fast-day discourse was an able survey of the national questions, and strongly emancipation in sentiment. He made a handsome confession and apology for the indifference of the Church to the subject of slavery, and suggested that had it been otherwise our present calamities might have been averted.

What an infamous article that which Mr. Garrison presents in the last *Liberator* from the pen of *Rev. Dr. Lord!* What satanic impiety!

We had an excellent meeting here in our own town (Ghent) yesterday afternoon.

PROGRESS.—A few days since, Theodore Tilton went to Newark, N. J., upon invitation, and made a speech on the war, uttering his most radical convictions: The Newark *Mercury*, commenting on the meeting, says:

"While many things were said which evidently were utterances from a stand point to which the mass of the assemblage had not yet reached, they were listened to with profound and respectful attention, not a murmur of uneasiness indicating that the audience apprehended any danger from the utterances of a true man speaking the truth as he understood it. It is an amazing evidence of the revolution of public sentiment on the slavery question, that men can to-day stand before an audience *not* of avowed 'Abolitionists,' and fearlessly maintain the views which two years ago would have been met with howls of derision, if not with personal violence, and be listened to with respectful attention. How truly has the South in its madness swept away the main safeguard of their 'peculiar Institution,' which was found in the sanctity which hedged it round from discussion by the free people of the North."

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The Dog show at this establishment is over, and now the chief attraction is the Stereopticon, which throws all magic lantern lights and dissolving views into the shade. The pictures are perfect representations; indeed they stand out in such bold relief that they seem more like the objects themselves than pictures of them. The representations of statuary are so exact that the spectator forgets that he is looking upon canvass, and feels half-inclined to step upon the stage to get a back view of the images. In the picture of West Point, you see hills rising in the rear of the buildings, the water stirred by the paddle-wheels of the steamer, and the weird and wonderful beauty of the scenery thereabout. Many of the figures are of life-size, and the minutest lines are brought out with the accuracy of sun-painting; indeed, they are copies of sun-pictures, therefore perfect. After the Stereopticon, the Baby show! Our country friends will take notice.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for May—closing the XIIth volume of the New Series—contains eight papers, under the following titles: 1. Benedict Spinoza; 2. The New Homeric Question; 3. State Beform in Austria; 4. Courage in Relief; 5. Jane Austin's Novels; 6. New Books of Piety; 7. The Thirty-seventh Congress; 8 Review of Current Literature. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

We have authentic intelligence that Gen. Hooker has sustained a reverse in a battle fought on Tuesday, but has succeeded in placing his army in safety on this side the Rappahannock. Gen. Lee having been heavily reënforced, appears to have found himself in sufficient strength to renew his assault on Hooker's exhausted troops, and was so far successful that it has been deemed prudent to withdraw the army across the river. It is only too evident that here, as so often before, the rebels succeeded in concentrating their forces upon the point of attack, while those which should have strengthened the National Army were too far distant or too long withheld to enable Gen. Hooker to maintain the position which he had gained by a masterly strategy, and held through two tremendous battles. It must be presumed that the effort to break Lee's communications with Richmond failed. He was able, therefore, to bring up the whole rebel force from Richmond and points below, and Gen. Hooker is compelled to retire from before overwhelming numbers.

"The army is safe," with 10,000 fewer men in its ranks, and a much larger number unfit for duty. The heavy rain of Tuesday night and Wednesday, and the chilling atmosphere has severely impaired the health of the men, who were wholly without means of shelter. The tents were left behind, and many lost their knapsacks in battle.—*Tribune of Thursday.*

The Government is dispatching steamers from St. Louis with troops and supplies, to the posts on the upper Missouri, for the expedition against the Indians under Gen. Pope. Gen. Pope himself has already gone forward to Sioux City, where it is said 8,000 or 10,000 troops are to rendezvous for the expedition. With such a force as this, under a commander possessed of so thorough an acquaintance with the Plains, Gen. Pope, the hostile tribes of the Far West ought to be completely drushed out and rendered incapable of further hostilities.

A special dispatch to *The Tribune*, dated Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 5, says: Deserters report that rebel communications between Vicksburg, Richmond, Charleston and Tullahoma have been cut. It is very probable the Vicksburg line has been cut. A deserter says that neither newspapers or telegrams have been received in Bragg's army from Mobile, Charleston, Richmond or Vicksburg, for several days. Dates of the 30th inst. were the last dispatches from Jackson, Miss. The same informant reiterates that Bragg was mortally wounded by Breckinridge, and is dead; that the particulars of the affray were published in the Chattanooga *Rebel* of Sunday. The latter statement is not credited here.

From rebel sources mainly we have important news from the South-west. Gen. Dodge had gone 11 miles beyond Tuscumbia, and on the 20th was fighting the rebel Gen. Forrest. Dodge took possession of Courtland, Ala., on the 26th. Dispatches from Jackson, Miss., of the 29th say that Gen. Grant was at Union Church, on the Natchez and Hazelhurst road—near by east from Natchez. A train of transports had reached Hazelhurst, and it was supposed that the Unionists were about to attack Natchez. Light-draught boats were moving up the Yazoo river, for what purpose is not stated. Gen. Banks had taken Alexandria, the principal town of Rapides Pariah, La., on the Red River. Another rebel dispatch from Jackson says that communication with Grand Gulf had been re-established; that after six hours canonading at Grand Gulf the Union gunboats withdrew. The boats fired 3,000 shots; only three rebels were killed, one of them a Colonel, and 22 wounded. Two gunboats were apparently disabled. The boats were three miles below on the west side. Union forces were on the Louisiana shore opposite Great Gulf.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, who *hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Gen. Rosecrans is forming a fatigue corps of freedmen who have come into his lines.

THE SERVICES OF COLORED MEN IN FLORIDA.

Commander Chas. Steadman, U. S. Navy, born in South Carolina, who has been doing most efficient service in uncovering secessionists and in protecting Union men in Florida, writes to a relative here that but for colored men he would have been wholly unable to manage his gunboat. He says half his crew were contrabands, who knew all the regions about him quite as well as sailors know the sea. He confesses that these black Unionists more than once saved him from capture and destruction.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

GEN. DIX'S DEPARTMENT.

Camp Suffolk, Va., April 28, 1863.—The contrabands are making themselves eminently useful by their labor. In fact, I think they are a little abused, and worked too hard. Still, they work cheerfully, feeling that they are thus assisting to permanently establish their freedom. For nothing is truer than that this much-despised race hates slavery, and loves liberty.—*Tribune.*

THE NEGRO BRIGADE.

Parties here, interested in the solution of the contraband question, have been assiduously at work to prepare for the organization of a negro brigade. They have already enrolled about one thousand able-bodied darkies, and assert that if their project is approved by the government, they can, within sixty days, produce a brigade of three thousand. Within that sixty days the advance of our armies into Virginia will probably throw into this city twenty-five thousand contrabands, of whom three thousand will enlist sooner than starve, as the States north of Mason and Dixon's line will not permit them to come there to avoid either starvation or slavery.—*Wash. Cor. Herald.*

PROTECTION OF BLACK SOLDIERS.

Gen. Hanter, a few weeks ago, made a communication to Gen. Beauregard, giving him formal notice that he should retaliate promptly every outrage or wrong done to any of our black South Carolina or Florida troops who might fall into rebel hands; and he added, what was perhaps the most effective part of his threat, that in choosing rebel prisoners upon whom to retaliate, he proposed carefully to select those who owned the greatest number of slaves. Thus, for every black soldier Beauregard hangs—according to his threat—Gen. Hunter will hang two slaveholders. There will not be many black soldiers hanged by Beauregard.

FROM LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, April 8.—The raising of colored regiments goes on rapidly. The fifth has already over 900 men recruited within a fortnight. A revolution is going on in the prejudice against negro soldiers. Officers most bitterly opposed to them have learned to respect them, and the only fear now is, that unworthy men shall be put in command. Sergeants and Corporals of all sorts are given commissions. Give them good officers and I am satisfied, after having seen these regiments in camp and on drill, that they will make as good as the best. The lack of confidence in their courage is a natural error arising from the idea that as they have always been taught to stand in awe of white men they will not dare face them in battle. They require the best of officers, and with such they will do their duty. At all events, the officers now in command of them are willing and anxious to prove that their confidence is not misplaced. The second of these regiments is now on Ship Island and the rest at work on the fortifications at Baton Rouge. I am a thorough convert to the idea of fighting the rebels with the most powerful weapons, their own slaves. If the President, with almost dictatorial powers and with this overflowing source of soldiers, does not put an end to this war in another two years—why, then let us fight two years longer if necessary, but under another leader. Is there any treason in that? The man at the North who would end this war now in a humiliating surrender and breaking up of the government, even the Copperheads of the Louisiana swamps would spew out of their mouths.

ANOTHER ORDER FROM GEN. BURNSIDE.

Gen. Burnside has just issued another important and praiseworthy order. For some time past the newspapers in Lexington and Frankfort, Ky., have abounded with advertisements of runaway slaves, and giving notice, under the State laws, that unless their owners came forward and removed the unfortunate blacks they would be sold again into bondage. The jails at the places named, and also at Louisville, are full of these slaves, who, having escaped from their rebel masters into our lines, are, under the President's proclamation, free. Some have already been sold, and others were about to be disposed of, when, on the 28th ult., Gen. Burnside came to their relief in the following general order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
CINCINNATI, April 28, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS No 13.—In accordance with the spirit of the proclamation of the President of the United States, dated January 1st, 1863, it is ordered that all persons belonging to or following the army in this department are forbidden to interfere with or impede the operation of any civil process in the State of Kentucky, having in view the recovery of slaves of citizens of the State, and they are likewise forbidden to aid or abet in their escape from their homes, or employ such persons against the consent of their owners, except in cases where military necessity requires their impressment, which impressment must be made in accordance with regulations governing such cases.

II. All slaves made free by the war measures of the President of the United States, by Congress, or by capture during the war, are entitled to their freedom, and no one in the department has a right to interfere with that freedom. Any sale of such persons in this district is void. The rights of citizens must be respected by the army, and the war measures of the government must be sustained.

III. Any persons wilfully violating this order will be at once arrested and reported to the headquarters of Gen. Boyle, at Louisville, for trial. Regulations, to prevent confusion and injustice in the execution of this order, will soon be published.

By command of Major-Gen. BURNSIDE.

PROMOTION OF COL. WILD.

Col. Ed. A. Wild of the 35th Massachusetts Regiment has received a Brigadier-General's commission and been empowered to raise a brigade of freedmen to be known as Wild's African Brigade, and to consist of four regiments to be enlisted in North Carolina, and of Col. Shaw's regiment, now in camp in Massachusetts. Gen. Wild is to appoint his own officers, most of whom will be taken from white regiments now in the service. Gen. Wild is the son of the Rev. Dr. Wild, a clergyman of Brooklyn, a graduate of Harvard and a regularly educated physician. He served in the Crimea as surgeon in the Turkish army, and also saw no little military service in the field there. He entered our army as Captain of Company A, in the 1st Massachusetts Regiment. On the Peninsula he received a bullet through one hand, and at Antietam was so severely wounded in the other arm that it had to be amputated at the shoulder. He is reputed an excellent officer.—*Tribune.*

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

A letter in *The Times*, from the Department of the South, says: "Drafting all the able-bodied negroes into the army was being prosecuted vigorously. On Friday last a meeting was held at Hilton Head, to which the blacks were invited. A crowd came and listened to addresses from several gentlemen explanatory of the object of the government in ordering a draft. The enthusiasm of the negroes was excited, and upon a call for volunteers, every able-bodied man in the audience stepped forward and asked to have his name enrolled. By this means 100 recruits for Col. Bennett's Third Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers were obtained. On Hilton Head Island there are 600 blacks capable of bearing arms, and they are at once to be organized into companies—passing half their time at drilling, and half at laboring in the Quartermaster's Department. The First black regiment (Col. Higginson's) is doing good service on outpost duty at Port Royal Ferry. The men are in plain sight of the rebels, who express great disgust at having to contend against their late servants. The Second regiment (Col. Montgomery's), is encamped near Beaufort. It numbers 600 men, who evince aptness in acquiring military knowledge."

THE COLORED TROOPS AT PASCAGOULA.

HEADQUARTERS, SHIP ISLAND, MISS.,
April 11, 1863.

Brig. Gen. SHERMAN, *Comm'n'g Defences of New Orleans.*

SIR: In compliance with instructions from your headquarters, "to keep you promptly informed of any movements that the enemy might be known to be making up the Mississippi Sound," upon learning that repeated demonstrations had been made in the direction of Pascagoula by Confederate troops, ashore and in armed boats, along the coast, and furthermore having reliable information that the greater part of the forces at Mobile were being sent to reinforce Charleston, I determined to make a reconnoissance within the enemy's lines at or near Pascagoula, for the purpose of not only breaking up their demonstrations, but of creating a diversion of the Mobile forces from Charleston, and precipitating them along the Sound, and accordingly embarked with a detachment of 180 men of my command on the U. S. transport General Banks, on the morning of 9th April, 1863, and made for Pascagoula, Miss., where we arrived about 9 o'clock a.m., landed and took possession of wharf and hotel, hoisted the Stars and Stripes upon the building, threw out pickets, and sent small detachments in various directions to take possession of the place and hold the roads leading from the same.

Immediately thereafter a force of over 300 Confederate cavalry came down the Mobile road, drove in the pickets, and attacked the squad on the left, from whom they received a warm reception. They then fell back in some confusion; reformed, and made a dash upon the detachment stationed at the hotel, at which point they were again repulsed. Confederate infantry meanwhile attacking my forces on the extreme left, and forcing a small detachment to occupy a wharf, from which they poured volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, killing and wounding many, with a loss of one man only. The fight had now extended along the road from the river to the wharf. The enemy being under cover of the houses and forests, while my troops were, from the nature of the grounds, unavoidably exposed. The Confederates had placed their women and children in front of their houses, for a cover, and even armed their citizens and forced them to fight against us. After an hour's steady and severe skirmishing the enemy retreated to the woods, and my forces fell back to the hotel and wharf. Then the enemy sallied forth again, with apparently increased numbers, attempting to surround the hotel, and obtain possession of the wharf; but they were again repulsed, and driven back to their cover—the forests. It was there that Lieut. Jones, with a detachment of only seven men, cut his way through a large force of the enemy's cavalry, and arrived at the hotel without losing a man, but killing and wounding a considerable number of the enemy.

After continuing fighting from 10 o'clock a.m. to 2 o'clock p.m., and upon learning that heavy reenforcements of infantry and artillery had arrived from the camp up the Pascagoula River, I withdrew my force from the hotel and returned to Ship Island. The enemy's loss was over 20 killed and a large number wounded. From my own knowledge, and information derived from prisoners taken in the the fight, and from refugees since arrived, the enemy had over 400 cavalry and infantry at Pascagoula, and heavy reenforcements within six miles of the place. Refugees, who have arrived since the engagement, report the enemy's loss as greater than mentioned in my first report.

The expedition was a perfect success, accomplishing all that was intended, resulting in the repulse of the enemy in every engagement, with great loss, while our causalties were only 2 killed and 8 wounded. Great credit is due the troops engaged for their unflinching bravery and steadiness under this, their first fire; exchanging volley after volley with the coolness of veterans; and for their determined tenacity in maintaining their position, and taking advantage of every success that their courage and valor gave them; and also to their officers, who were cool and determined throughout the action—fighting their commands against five times their number, and confident throughout of success; all demonstrating, to its fullest extent, that the oppression which they have heretofore undergone from the hands of their foes, and the obloquy that has been showered upon them by those who should have been friends, had not extinguished their manhood, or suppressed their bravery, and that they had still a hand to wield the sword and a heart to vitalize the blow.

I would particularly call the attention of the Department to Major F. E. Damas, Capt. Villeverd and Lieuts. Jones and Martin, who were constantly in the thickest of the fight, and by their unflinching bravery and admirable handling of their commands contributed to the success of the attack, and reflected great honor upon the flag under and for which they so nobly struggled. Repeated instances of individual bravery among the troops might be mentioned, but it would be invidious were all fought so manfully and so well.

I would also mention the name of, and thank in behalf of the regiment, Dr. Celse Pierucci, Surgeon of the U. S. storefield Relief; Dr. Skinner, Surgeon of the U. S. sloop-of-war Vincennes, who so kindly volunteered their services in behalf of the wounded, and so assiduously attended to their every want; and also Quartermaster Sauvinet, who, by his valuable services, aided materially the embarkation and disembarkation of the forces.

This expedition has completely changed the plans of the rebel leaders at Mobile, by creating a diversion from Charleston heavy reenforcements having already been sent to Pascagoula and other points along the Mississippi Sound.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant.

N. W. DANIELS,
Col. 2d Regt. La. N. G. Vol., Comdg. Post.

Official copy: E. R. Proutz, 1st Lieut. and Post Adjt.

TEN THOUSAND COLORED TROOPS FOR THE WAR.

At the conclusion of the regular services in the Church of the Puritans Sunday evening, Dr. Gloster, a colored gentleman, was introduced for the purpose of making a statement relative to the project of raising 10,000 colored troops in the Northern States to be sent into the field under the command of Major-Gen. John C. Fremont. He said that he had received from the President of the United States the assurance that if 10,000 colored soldiers were raised they would be accepted, and that Gen. Fremont would be assigned to the command. He stated also that he had seen Gen. Fremont, and received from him a promise that he was willing to accept such a command. Subsequently a meeting was organized, Edward Gilbert, presiding, at which the following named gentlemen were elected a Committee to make all necessary arrangements for any future movement in behalf of the raising of the 10,000 colored soldiers: Edward Gilbert, Dexter Fairbank, Col. Jas. Fairman, Lewis Francis.—*Tribune.*

Summary.

Bishop Colenso is said to have already received over $30,000 from the publishers of his work on the Pentateuch as the share of his profits thus far.

Ex-Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, states that a secret organization has been unearthed in one of the Counties of that State, sworn to join the Confederates at a favorable opportunity.

CONFISCATION IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Proceedings against the property in Washington of persons who have gone South have recently been entered upon with a desirable rigor by the United States Marshal.

IMPORANT DECISION.—It was decided by a competent court in Philadelphia lately, that a deserter from the American army is a felon at common law, and if he be shot by the guard of a Provost Marshal while attempting to escape, such shooting is justifiable.

The Louisville *Journal* perpetrates the following: "A Mr. Noble, of Ohio, says that any possible peace is better than this war. We don't know what Noble's Christian name is, but it ought to be *Ign.*"

—The "Dog Noble" desires to say that the man is no relation of his.—*Independent.*

LADIES' UNION LEAGUE.—*St. Louis, May* 3.—The Ladies' Union League organized in the Mercantile Library Hall yesterday. There were over 2,000 ladies present, embracing all classes and conditions. Gen. Curtis presided. Able and patriotic speeches were made by Gen. Curtis, Gen. Strong, Chas. D. Drake, Samuel M. Breckinridge, and Dana, of Indiana; Kellogg, of Michigan. A poem was also read by Col. Jameson. It was one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held in St. Louis.

UNCLE ABE'S VERY LATEST JOKE.—During the past week a gentleman called upon the President and solicited a pass for Richmond. "Well," said the President, "I would be very happy to oblige you, if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the past two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet." The applicant quietly and respectfully withdrew on his tip-toes.

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN WASHINGTON.—It is understood that there is a difference of opinion between the Judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia as to the rendition of fugitive slaves under the law on the subject. Applications thus far have only been made to Judges Fisher and Wiley, who have complied with the provisions of law. A report prevails that the practice of rendition is suspended.

A COSTLY GIFT.—A miniature sewing-machine for Tom Thumb's wife, beautifully set in rosewood, and adorned with paintings of elaborate execution, is in course of manufacture, to the order of Wheeler and Wilson. The decorations consist, in a large measure, of pearl and gold. When complete, this elegant gift will be sent to Europe for exhibition, and will be sure to elicit praise, not only for its utility as a labor saving machine, but as a production of art.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS MADE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR REPORTS OF ARMY MOVEMENTS.—Gen. Hooker has just issued an order requiring all newspaper correspondents within his lines to publish their communications over their own signatures. "In case of failure to comply with this order, through their own or their employers' neglect, such correspondents will be excluded from, and the circulation of the journals to which they correspond suppressed, within the lines of the army."

EDIFYING.—The effrontery of Billy Wilson's regiment in refusing to march from New Orleans until the negro regiments are disbanded. These men, who are composed of the offscourings of New York City, and whose admission into our service was a disgrace to it, are about as low in the scale of morality as a Digger Indian. The only obvious reason for their being sent into the world seems to be to demonstrate how much more depraved than anybody else a white man may become.—*Roz. Jour.*

KIDNAPPING.—A case of kidnapping came before Mayor Anthony yesterday, and specious pleas were made to have it dismissed, on the ground of a lack of jurisdiction. The latter kills and the spirs gives life, and the Mayor found enough in the ordinances to fine and send to jail the criminal. Gens. Hunter and Blunt have both taken strong grounds against this crime, but we needed a precedent nearer home, and our Mayor has made it. Butternuts will affectionately bear it in mind.—*Leavenworth (Kansas) Conservative.*

ANTI-TOBACCO.—At the recent Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends in Philadelphia, while the subject of temperance was under consideration, a lively concern arose and spread over the meeting upon a kindred practice—the use of tobacco. Several Friends mentioned the very injurious effect of this article upon themselves in former experience; and its tendency to produce mental as well as physical disease was strongly urged in favor of discarding the pernicious weed. A timely caution was also expressed against our members engaging in the cultivation of it.—*Friends' Review.*

A Copperhead Methodist clergyman named Francis T. Hanbar has been arrested in Washington County, New York, for his traitorous speeches and practices, and held to bail to answer. One of his performances was to lecture publicly to his Copperhead friends, appearing before them in a United States uniform, armed with a United States gun and sword, and sneeringly bid his listeners behold what sort would have to come to under this government. Just before his arrest by the United States authorities, he was brought before the Methodist Conference of his district, charged with lying and stealing, found guilty, and his ministerial license taken from him.

SPECULATING ON SORROW.—A young lawyer at Washington named Jolliffe has been detected in a heartless scheme of swindling. It appears that he has been obtaining the names of soldiers who have died in the hospitals, and the addresses of their relatives. He would then write sympathetic epistles, concluding by offering—for a consideration specified—to send home the remains. Generally speaking, he would receive the $25 or $30 asked for, but he rarely sent the body desired, and on one occasion, when he undertook to perform his part of the contract, he sent another corpse than the one asked for. This imposition led to the rascal's exposure.

Compare the position of the President to-day with his position one year ago on the question of slavery, and note the startling change. Then—a year ago—whoever saw the President confidentially, was sure to hear an argument against the propriety of issuing a proclamation of emancipation. Now, when the subject comes up, the President usually has something like the following to say, no matter who his hearer may be: "My mind is made up; my foot is down, and I shall not take it up; I am going to make the slave free *if I can, and I am going to put a musket into his hands!*" This is the position of the government at the present day. There may be members of the Cabinet who are cautious and timid, but the Cabinet may at last be said to be a unit on the subject.—*Wash. Cor. Independent.*

EMANCIPATION.—The "American Freedmen's Inquiry Commission," which has adjourned to New York, will examine one witness there whom they did not have time to examine here, whose testimony will probably shed much light upon the practical questions before them. He is a Mr. Anderson of Jamaica, a British merchant, who has resided there for the past 30 years, and who testifies in the most emphatic manner to the beneficial results of emancipation. He says if he could set before the South the case as it is, he would satisfy the slaveholders not only that Emancipation improves both master and servant in all essential respects, but also that it increases instead of diminishing the products of the plantations.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

GEN. ROSECRANS TURNED GARDENER.—Gen. Rosecrans is going into the gardening business. He has lately secured about one hundred and fifty acres of good garden land in the neighborhood of Nashville, and has selected from the convalescent soldiers in the hospitals there some fifty men, who are more or less acquainted with gardening, and directed them to cultivate this land in such vegetables as the army, and especially the hospitals, need. The work is now progressing, and purchases have been made amounting to fifty bushels of onion sets, forty thousand cabbage plants, a like number of tomato plants, and large supplies of the usual vegetable seeds. This is not simply an economical measure, but a sanitary one, that will promote health and save life in the army.

GEN. BURNSIDE AND THE REBEL SYMPATHIZERS.—Considerable excitement has been occasioned in Indianapolis, and at other points in Indiana, by the arrest of prominent Copperheads accused of disloyal practices. The knowledge of these arrests, and of the conviction at Cincinnati of some of the persons arrested, seems to have a most salutary effect upon the hitherto blatant rebel sympathizers. A Cincinnati letter says that a few days since Gen. Burnside assured two very prominent Democratic politicians of the butternut stripe, whom he sent for, that they need expect no leniency from him, for if he caught them expressing sympathy for the rebels, he should not hesitate to try them by court-martial at once.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION ABROAD.—Amos Perry, Esq., United States Consul at Tunis, in a private letter to the Providence *Journal*, gives some testimony as to the effect of the Emancipation proclamation abroad. He says:

"The Emancipation proclamation of the President has done much to improve the public sentiment of the Old World. Liberty now stands out in bold contrast with slavery. Our nation is committed before the world to the cause of liberty, as openly as the South is for slavery. The President's explanation was needed. An intelligent Frenchman said to me last Summer: 'Your Presidents and your Ministers are generally better exponents of slavery than of freedom.' Such remarks can no longer be made with justice. 'God bless President Lincoln,' said an Italian to me yesterday, referring to his proclamation."

A NEW SLAVE TRADE IN THE PACIFIC.—By the Chilian bark Mathias Savinius, arrived Friday from Tahiti, we learn that a new trade has been inaugurated by some Peruvian vessels, who were caught stealing Kanakas by force and stratagem from the Paumotu and other group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, at present under the protectorate of France. At the time the above vessel left Tahiti there were lying in the harbor of Papeete the Peruvian bark Sea Serpent and Peruvian brig Marie, the latter of which had been taken at sea in the vicinity of the Paumotus, by a French man-of-war steamer. The former had been seized by the autnorities of Tahiti while in port on account of certain suspicious circumstances connected with her papers and uncertain destination. When the Marie was seized, about 150 of the natives of the Paumotu Islands were on board, who were brought with the brig into Tahiti. The captain was in jail when the Mathias Savinius left, and it was believed that the vessel would certainly be confiscated by the government. These natives were intended to have been taken to the Chincha Islands on the coast of Peru to load vessels with guano.

THE RUSSIAN SERFS.—*The Siecle* has the following: "The 3d March, as is well known, was the day on which expired the period fixed by the imperial manifesto of March 3, 1861, for the rural organization of the Russian serfs; but the dispositions of that document are not yet completely executed; only 100,563 acts of arrangements have been drawn up, and but 87,863 have been applied. Two years ago, 3,000,000 serfs paid the obrok, or tax for exemption from forced labor, and 7,000 were subjected to the compulsory service. Since that period, 1,167,015 peasants have become proprietors of land, 5,000,000 are entirely freed from forced labor, and 3,000,000 are still liable to the service. What an amount of evils from ancient despotism to be swept away! What a number of existences to be freed from the yoke weighing upon so many generations! Before the 3d of March, 1861, there were in 27 governments of Russia, 1,955 schools for peasants; the number is now 6,666, an increase of 4,711 in two years. The government of St. Petersburg seems now almost terrified at the number of the disinherited whom it has called to relative liberty; it has just reëxamined the former measures adopted against the 'demagogical peasants,' but it will, however, in vain attempt to arrest the impulsion given."

ARREST OF A FASHIONABLE LADY FOR SHOPLIFTING.—A fashionable lady of Chicago, named Mrs. Anna Burgett, who dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was a prominent person in the charitable and religious movements of that city, has been recently arrested on a charge of shoplifting. Upon searching her residence, rich goods of considerable value were found, indicating that she had carried on the business with impunity for a long period of time. The Chicago *Tribune* says:

"On Sunday Mr. Bargett employed a hackman to hire a scavenger to clean his vault. The hackman did so, and at the same time lodged information at the station, and a policeman accompanied the scavenger. During the operation a gold bracelet and a set of plated forks and spoons were found in the vault. Yesterday a complete silver service, a set of gold-banded crockery ware, a large case of knives and forks, a dozen silver spoons, mantel ornaments, a large quantity of choice hosiery, and

Miscellaneous Department.

A DIAL'S MOTTO.

A LESSON in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this: "I take no note of time
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human hearts a better lore
Than this short sentence teaches:
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it:
So hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wind
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing;
For life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Then let's forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter;
We take the cup of life, and taste
No portion but the bitter.
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest;
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
Let us forget its toil and care,
And note its bright hours only.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All bodyless phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.
As life is sometimes bright and fair,
And sometimes dark and lonely;
We should forget its pain and care,
And note its bright hours only. *Anon.*

CHRIST ON THE ASS.

A SERMON

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Palm Sunday—March 29, 1863.

"And they brought the colt to Jesus, and threw their garments on him; and he sat upon him. And many spread their garments in the way: and others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, Hosannah: blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—*Mark xi. 7.*

THIS is Palm Sunday—a day of joy and triumph, opening the week of sorrow. The Church celebrates Christ's procession into Jerusalem, after the fashion of Messiah, by the benediction of palm trees—unworthy but characteristic commemoration of so grand an event. That procession has been a theme of various comment. The point which seems to me especially significant about it is the mode in which Jesus chose to be carried. He rode on an ass's colt. The common opinion is that in this way he wished to show himself in his true character as a Messiah of meekness, a Prince of Peace; a natural idea when taken in connection with our notion of the donkey as a pacific animal, slow and quiet, which only the poor and lowly ever bestride. Such, however, was not the ass of the Orient. That was a lively, spirited, nor otherwise than courageous and fast creature. He was not destitute even of regal prestige. It is mentioned, for example, in the Book of Judges, as an indication of splendor, that the thirty sons of Jair, the Gileadite, gay and distinguished young men, had thirty cities and rode on thirty ass colts; and Judge Abdor, more superb still, had forty sons and thirty nephews, each of whom rode in the same sumptuous and eminent fashion. Nay, the Oriental ass had also a kind of military fame. The Persian King Cyrus mounted a regiment on asses. And Darius Hystaspes, in a great battle with the Scythians, brought asses into the field; not, however, with a noble appreciation of their martial character, for Herodotus, who mentions the circumstance, intimates that he relied more on their braying to terrify the enemies' cavalry, than on their weight in a charge. The ass undoubtedly was regarded as, on the whole, a peaceful beast—regal, but peaceful—suitable for fine civic shows; and this was one reason why Jesus selected him on the occasion of his progress as a Prince of Peace. But this was not the only reason, nor the chief one. A Messianic association attaches itself to the animal. Matthew, who was quick at detecting the fulfilment of prophecy on the part of the Christ, says, in his description of this scene, "All this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee meek, sitting upon an ass, even a colt, the foal of an ass." Here we have the point. The ass was Messianic. It suggested to the Jew the realization of his national hope; it was a symbol of power, dignity—yes, of victory; the mantle of prophecy fell on the creature. Looking at him in connection with one they deemed the Christ, people were excited by visions of glory. Their ancient memories clustered about him; their sacred history marshalled his advance; their great destiny trod towards its consummation in his foot-tracks. It was on this account Jesus chose him rather than the war-horse, which would have aroused the martial spirit in the people, and have led, perhaps, to insurrection and bloodshed. It was on this account he chose him rather than make his way on foot—a course which would have attracted no notice and had no significance. In choosing to ride into the Holy City on the ass, Jesus appealed to the ancient reverence, the heroic association, the pious memory and hope of the age; he touched the tender feeling they cherished for the old traditions of the nation.

And in this he did what he had always done. His progress into Jerusalem was of a piece with his whole life-progress. He came into the world of his public ministry seated on venerable traditions. From the beginning of his career to the end of it, he was carried by the national feeling. Jesus, as we all know, was not in sympathy with the people of his generation, nor were the people of his generation in sympathy with him; if this sympathy had existed, he would not have been slain. He was before his age, immeasurably before it; he did not think with his age, nor feel with his age, nor hope with his age, nor pray with his age; he was beyond; he lived more in our day than in his own. And yet he rode towards his Jerusalem on the beast his age honored. For instance, he came in the guise of the Hebrew Messiah. This name he assumed at the outset of his career, and retained to the last hour. He gave himself out as the King of the Jews; he claimed authority as such; in this capacity he sent forth disciples; in this capacity he invited followers. But he was no Messiah in the popular sense, nor would the popular sense have done anything but reject him utterly, if it had comprehended him. For he was not a soldier; he was not a king; he was not a patriot, in the usual understanding of the term; he was not a political deliverer. He set nothing by his descent from David. On the contrary, so far from satisfying the vulgar expectation, every time he put his foot down he trod it into the dust. Nevertheless, he came riding on that expectation, and the crowd hosannahed, or, as we say, using the same word, huzzaed, because he so rode. Again, he came borne along by the popular feeling about the kingdom of heaven. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand" was his first word; and it was a word always on his lips. It was the charmed word in the Jewish speech, calling up, whenever it was uttered, the grandeurs of a history miraculous and prophetic, and the splendors of hope which only Jehovah could fulfill. But his idea of the kingdom of heaven was radically different from that the people held; so different as to be in fact essentially another thing. By the kingdom of heaven they meant establishment of the Hebrew monarchy; triumph of the Hebrew power; overthrow of the Roman Empire; revival of the ancient religion in the magnificence of its temple rites; restoration of the line of David to the throne of the world; supremacy of the Mosaic constitution; union of the scattered tribes; reinstatement of the ancient polity. He meant nothing of all this; he meant, by the kingdom of heaven, a heavenly kingdom; a rule of Justice, Truth and Love over men of all nations and all tribes; a new social order on principles of humanity; supremacy of the constitution of human nature; a union of hearts with hearts, brotherhood of man with man. Essentially another thing, you see; a thing which, to the common mind, would have been the utter defeat of their whole hope. Nevertheless, he came horsed on that idea, and the multitude, little suspecting what Jerusalem he was going to, cheered him on.

After Christ's death, his religion rode into the world in the same fashion, on the foal of an ass. Paul's faith was new, wholly new; it grew up in his own mind, as he meditated on the life and teachings of the Christ; it was the child of his personal experience; it was born of his private reflection and struggle; it was a peculiar faith, which, in working itself clear, worked itself away from the old faith very completely. But how get such a faith recognized? was the question. How introduce it? How secure men's attention for it? Plainly he must contrive to mount it on some honored pedestal, in order that it might be seen. He must contrive to connect it in some way with institutions already dear, faiths already held in reverence, ideas already familiar; he must set it up in some car which the multitude were dragging with shouts. He was of the tribe of Benjamin—a Hebrew of the Hebrews—a Pharisee. His mission was first of all to the Jews. Had he been a Greek, he would have knit his thought, as later believers did, to Plato. Being what he was, he attached it to Moses and Abraham. He seated himself on the old dispensation. His seat was not very firm nor very easy; he was obliged to cover the saddle thickly with the mantle of allegorical interpretation, and pad it with curious bits of exegesis. It was a hard task to adjust his spiritual beliefs to the Patriarchs and the Prophets and the stubborn law. He took great pains, however, to do it, and on the strength of the deeply-rooted reverence for the sacred books of his people, he went from synagogue to synagogue, an earnest multitude always following him and shouting, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

In our times we see the same thing on both sides of the ocean. In England, Maurice, Stanley, Kingsley, and others of the Broad Church, as it is called, hold views on the Church, the Bible, the Creed, the Sacraments, the Priesthood, quite inconsistent with the views held by the Establishment. They are unecclesiastical, they are undogmatical, they are unsectarian; their sympathies are with humanity; they are Christian realists, Christian socialists, friends of the ignorant, the poor, the unbelieving; they do their best to accommodate religion to the wants of the age, to reconcile faith with philosophy. They allow frankly the claims of reason and science; and in allowing the claim of these, they do not scruple to deal like very liberal Christians indeed with the Thirty-nine Articles, the Sacraments, the Ritual. In fact they are, to all intents and purposes, dissenters; but instead of leaving the Church, and travelling along the highway unheralded and unaccompanied, they preserve their connection with the Establishment; they wear the surplice and minister at the altar; they sign the Articles, recite the Credo, live in the rectory, and ride into influence on the back of the wealth, the power, the prestige, the pious traditions, the holy associations, the solemn and tender reverences which ages on ages have accumulated about the Church of England. They compel all the conservatism of that most conservative of nations, in its most conservative mood, to carry them, radicals as they are, humanitarians as they are, towards the holy city of their dreams, amid the loud-voiced hosannahs of the people, whom the very phrase "Church of England" raises at once to enthusiasm, whom the very word Dissenter chills, angers and alienates. Bishop Colenso writes a feeble, crude, loose and inconclusive book about the inconsistencies in the Old Testament, and people, by the tens of thousands, read it because it is written by a Churchman. Had a Unitarian written it, it would have excited no interest whatever. Unitarians have written vastly abler books on the same subject, which nobody reads. Had Colenso been a Unitarian, his pamphlet—for it is little else—would scarcely have been deemed worthy of criticism. But he is *Bishop* Colenso. The people gather round the donkey, not the scholar, and so long as the scholar bestrides the donkey, they will make the welkin ring with their shouts. This is understood, and suggestions are made that he should leave the donkey; to all of which he turns a deaf ear. Mr. Beecher is a remarkable man; a man of immense intellectual resources, a man of genius, a huge Leyden jar, fully charged with electricity; earnest, attractive, humane; with a vast deal of human nature in him; meeting men at a hundred points, all along the line from sense to soul; feeling for them, feeling with them, feeling through them; a man greater than any denomination, greater than any system; no creed can limit the action of his mind, no ritual can bound the sweep of his feeling, no altar can take the sacrifice of his worship. He is a man of the people, not of the Church. But Mr. Beecher comes riding on the patient back of the stubborn old New England theology; he has under him the tough body of Puritan Divinity, battered but not subdued by many blows. The Five Points of Calvinism duly appear vibrating beneath the trappings of his steed, and the vast multitudes of orthodoxy, ardent, cap-waving, jubilant, throng the ways he travels, and make the stones soft with their garments as he passes on. It is impossible to say how much of Mr. Beecher's popularity belongs to the steed he bestrides, and how much to the man who bestrides the steed; but it may fairly admit of question, whether the immense tumult of his followers might not subside considerably in the event of his dismounting from the sacred animal that bears him, and standing on his own feet, the sturdy, liberal, radical rationalist, naturalist that he is. For one, I would not have him dismount: I commend him cordially to his steed; if he can make it go, and go in the direction of Jerusalem, the people blessedly carried with him whither they know not, I for one say God speed, and fling my little palm twig down before him too.

Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips walk on their own feet, independent, no conservatism clinging to them, no sacred prejudices bearing them up, no enthusiasm for popular traditions impelling them on, no trappings of power, no insignia of ancient respectability about them; the numbers that come after them are small; cheers are faint and few; palm branches exceedingly scanty. No Sir Walter Raleigh throws his velvet cloak in the mud for the Queen of Liberty to tread on. There are shouts, indeed, but not of congratulation; there are cries, but not of victory. John Brown is carried, but is carried sitting on his coffin to his gallows, the crowd bellowing vengeance. Mr. Sumner rides victoriously on the Constitution to a seat in the Capitol, amid the applause of an enthusiastic constituency; a great State, eminent for its respect for law and order, is stirred to its foundations to render him honor. He is carried on by the national feeling. He uses the symbol of the popular reverence. The dumb veneration, the unintelligent loyalty, the mute love for the old institutions, the old men, the old ideas, which go together, and together make up the working consciousness of the people, the upper flow of the current of history, lift him on their rising movement, and heave him, with his Messianic hope and longing and purpose—heave him, the apostle of light and liberty and love, towards the everlasting city of Peace.

There are those, there have always been those, who pronounce this attitude dishonest, who say that the innovator has no right to dress himself in the garb of the conservative; that the radical has no right to wear the hold-fast's badge; it is making, they say, an unfair use of a symbol; it is gaining influence under false pretences; it is taking unlawful advantage of popular credulity, sentiment and enthusiasm, and, under the fair guise of sympathy, is leading people to support a cause with which they do not sympathize. The honest man, they say, will first of all make himself understood; he will use language in its accepted sense. If he is a rationalist, he will beware how he talks like an Evangelical; if he is a humanitarian, he will discard the phrases which only Trinitarians use; if he is an Independent, he will scorn to appear before men as one submitted to the authority of the Church. If he is a Come-outer, he will come out. The objection is strongly taken. But does not the matter turn, in some measure, on this point: whether the Messiah mounts the sacred animal for the sake of the honor, the fame, the popularity, the prestige it gives him, meaning not to be known for what he is—meaning to shelter his head under the associations that multiply upon it—meaning, in a word, not to travel at all, but to make excuse for standing still—meaning to ride not towards any holy city of God, but only towards a Bishop's throne or a Senator's chair; or whether he mounts the sacred animal knowing that he can guide it, and fully determined to guide it in the direction of Jerusalem? Simply to bestride the old conservative steed is no crime for a radical, so he bestrides it without compromising his personal honor. If he, a pure-minded, ingenuous, noble man, sits on the ass without sense of shame or consciousness of falsehood, as he may, and if he makes the ass carry him towards the same destination he would seek if he went on a war-horse, or on foot, who can cavil at him? I contend that the Radical is the true Conservative; that the man of the future is, more truly than any other, the man of the past; that the progressive reformer has the strongest and deepest root in history. The by-gone times are his peculiarly; the traditions are his, the memories are his; his are the old kings and prophets; his are the chroniclers and psalmists of each generation. He understands them, he appreciates them, he loves them, he sympathizes with them truly in spirit and purpose. Their place in history is clear to him alone; their work to him alone is revealed; their providential mission to him alone is plain; he is their child. Jesus was the true son of the old Faith, the lineal descendant of Moses and the Prophets; the ancient history pointed to him; the venerable traditions included him; the lines of experience and hope and desire all ran in his direction; the genius of the religion culminated in that radiant point. If any body had a title to ride on the consecrated back of Hebrew conservatism, it was he. True, he conveyed his ideas under the phrases which were familiar to the people—phrases which to the common people bore a very different sense from that which he attached to them; but the sense was there; it was the only deep sense that was there; and in using the language his purpose was not to cover up the sense, but to draw it out; not to hide his ideas under the old obscurity, but to show that in the old obscurity lurked his ideas; not to make appear that he believed with the people, but to make appear that the people ought to believe with him. The Broad Churchmen of England, if they destroy the Establishment, do so by fulfilling the true purpose of the Establishment; if they desert the creed, it is by drawing out the spiritual sense of the creed. They, after all, understand the Church better than the Churchmen do; they employ the resources of the Church more after the intention of its founders.

Mr. Beecher, out of all hearty sympathy as he is with the current orthodox beliefs, is yet the child of the old theology, and is perhaps in closer sympathy with the fathers of that theology than the modern teachers are. He feels, doubtless, that he has caught the life, the spirit, the soul of the old New England Faith, that he deeply understands the interior drift and purpose of it; he deeply believes that the interpretation he gives to its articles is the truest interpretation, if it is not the usual one; and while many think that he smashes the creed all to flinders at least once a Sunday, he unquestionably thinks for himself that he develops it in all its original harmony and beauty. He has a right, therefore, to keep his seat on the back of the old animal; and if any of the applauding crowd shout hosannah to the donkey, and not to the regenerating truth which sits astride thereon, on them be the responsibility.

On two conditions a seat on the venerable beast can be allowed to the Radical. The first condition is, that the Radical himself, in his mind of minds, his heart of hearts, his conscience of consciences, respect the donkey, as a sacred animal, on whose venerable and consecrated back it is an honor to sit, to whose back indeed he is *glued*, to whose back he has grown, Centaur-like, by force of vital associations, flesh and blood affinities, the breaking of which would be the death both of donkey and rider. The second condition is, that he shall make the stubborn creature go straight on in the way he, the rider, wills. The trouble is, that they who mount the conservative foal, do it, frequently, counting on the obstinate brute's *refusal to go*. They wish to be mounted, because to be on foot is to be unnoticed in the crowd, perhaps is to be trodden on and extinguished; but they will not mount a horse, lest they might be run away with. They choose the donkey, as being a beast whose duty it is to advance, whose habit is to stop; whose frame hints at progress, whose history tells of recalcitration; whose rank in the family of quadrupeds is suggestive of movement, whose reputation among quadrupeds is suggestive of stoppage in the rear. By seating themselves astride of the beast, they give out that they mean to travel, while in reality their meaning is *not* to travel, unless it be backwards. They may call their Church "broad"—they mean "broad" behind; they may call their creed "liberal"—they mean that it leaves them free to travel back towards the dark ages.

But it is refreshing to see a really noble and greatly earnest man mount, with firm seat, the thick-skinned body of the Past, the stupidities, the prejudices, the slow-going legends, the hard dogmas, the stiff traditions, the long-eared laws, the harsh-voiced maxims, and, without spur or whip or wild shouts, compel them to carry him—him and his nobleness, him and his earnestness, him the new man, and with him the jubilant crowd, forward, forward, without halting or stopping, to the city of God. That is refreshing; yes, that is wonderful to see. He that can do that—can do it openly, unmistakably, successfully, without shadow of misapprehension or shadow of turning—he indeed is the Messiah.

And very touching it is, too, to see the willing docility with which the sacred animal lends its back to the Christ when he appears, not knowing, of course, precisely who he is, but instinctively feeling that his master is come. The Past contains the Future; and, obstinate though it be, there still, it would seem, remains in it a dumb brute sense that it must, whether or no, carry the prophet of the Future on his way. The sight of it when doing this is truly pathetic. Witness the eagerness of the conservative churchman to disseminate the Bible. What money he spends! what labor he employs! what presses he works! what emporiums! what colporteurs! Yet he must know that the diffusion of the Bible has been the diffusion of thought, and of the very thought he dreads; he must know that the diffusion of the Bible has been the diffusion of inquiry, of doubt, of criticism, of scepticism, of unbelief, of denial; he must know that the multiplication of copies of the Bible has been the multiplication of heresies, and that the increase of Bible-readers has been the increase of men who asserted humanity against Church and creed, and made their religion to consist in doing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly with their God.

Witness the unanimity with which the conservative elements of the country combine for the defence and the preservation of the "Union." See how the Peace men, the Compromise men, the anti-Administration men, the anti-Abolitionists, anti-Republicans, rally around the Constitution. Yet, it requires no great discernment to see that *Union*, that venerable fact, if fact it be or is to be, so hallowed in memory, so rich with the flavor of great names, so consecrated by prayers, vows, tears, blood—so holy as the dream of the purest and most heroic souls; it requires, I say, no great discernment to see that this means fellow-thinking, fellow-feeling and fellow-working—sympathy, in a word—sympathy of material interests, of social theories and principles, of laws, codes and constitutions, of habits, institutions, aims, purposes, endeavors; and that, meaning these, it means the removal of everything that makes these impossible or difficult of attainment—means, therefore, the abolition of slavery, and the eradication of the very spirit out of which slavery grew or may grow again. A friend was grieving bitterly, the other day, at what he called the reaction towards the old Union and Constitution ground. It seemed to him a tendency backwards; in all the Union and National Leagues which were forming, in the crowded meetings addressed by men of all parties, in the miraculous coalition which was joining all through the North to support the Administration, he could see only cause for discouragement, an omen that the controversy was to be closed prematurely in compromise. But do you not percieve, I said to him, that this rather clumsy and misshapen creature, of no particular color and of uncertain and not very harmonious voice, that goes from city to city and village to village, does really carry your own Christ on his back? Is not every one of these cries a cry for the Messiah? Listen! do they not say, "Hosannah in the highest! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord"? What if the surging masses do not know what kind of a Messiah it is they are cheering; is he any the less there and himself? What if they do fling their garments in the way only to make the stones softer under the donkey's tread; does not the Prince of Peace reap the benefit of them as much as if they were thrown down for him? Let them wave the flag so long as the breeze it makes fans the love of liberty in their breasts. Grant that they mean only the vigorous prosecution of the war, in the hope, by the speedy suppression of the rebellion, of recovering the South before its institutions shall have suffered fatal injury or disturbance; still, the branches torn from the trees by shot and shell will be strewn like the palms of old in the path of the Christ; the battle-groans will turn to hoarse praises in his honor; the green mantles snatched from the desolated fields will render the rocky way smoother beneath his tread, and the piled up sacrifice of the people, ignorantly, foolishly, recklessly, passionately made, will be recorded in history as made in his honor, when the battle shall be over and the victory shall be won.

But we have not quite exhausted yet the significance of this event in the career of Jesus. There remains one lesson more, and that not the least important. It is this: The ass's foal does not carry the Christ to his ultimate victory. That grand demonstration, so far as the crowning of his mission went, was abortive. He reached the city on the beast he rode; he performed one or two feats of Messianic power, such as casting the traders out of the temple; he angered the Scribes and Pharisees, and then retreated to Bethany. The next morning he went to his great battle with the banded powers on foot, and all but alone; the palm branches were crushed and withered on the ground; the shreds of the garments were sodden in the mire; there was no huzzah, no acclamation, no blessing, no tent of boughs to shade his head from the fierce sun; lonely and silent he went on; before him were the revilers; before him was Gethsemane; before him was accusation, arrest, the judgment-seat of Pilate, the condemnation; before him was the mob, howling "Crucify him," as furiously as it had shouted "hosannah" the day before; further on was the scourge, the via dolorosa, at the end the cross. He goes to meet them, walking on his own feet, tired, sore, bleeding, perhaps. The representatives of the Past reject him with scorn. The visible thread which united him with them is broken. The ass's foal will carry him no longer, now that the sore sorrow is come. It was no battle steed after all; kings he would bear, but not this King of Truth. So, my friends, it always is. There is a limit to the service which the old conservative, sacred Past, in any of its representations or symbols, will render. The Mosaic constitution carried the great Apostle Paul well to the borders of Palestine; but when he came to the Greek and Roman cities, he left it and went on in the strength which Christ supplied. The old Church goes with you bravely till you come to simple, pure humanity, to plain justice, mercy and liberty; there it drops you, and if you go further, you must go without its favor, its pomp or its blessing. The old creed will bear you out with all its honors till you touch the vital truths of the world, the truths of science, of nature, of the human reason and the human heart; then you must bid it good-bye, and fare on as well as you may, illuminated by God's sunlight and sustained by God's air. To earnest men, to many an earnest man, I should rather say—there comes a time when the old oracles are dumb, when the articles will bear no more refining, when the symbols, wrung dry of meaning, lie like empty gourds at his feet; when rites and forms and sacramental usages, having yielded their last drop of significance, are scattered about him like shells, and if he goes on, he must go on crushing them under his tread, and cursed for doing so; few to sympathize with him, few to cheer him with their God speed, few to give him a blessing, or even to grace him with the poor gift of a smile. The gay, the opulent, the beautiful, the well-reputed withdraw their countenance from him.

But mark how from this point the deep, genuine enthusiasm of faithful souls begins. Mark how from this point there pours in the tribute of earnest sacrifice. What did those masses of enthusiastic people bestow on the Messiah when he went riding on the ass's foal towards the holy city? Branches torn from the trees which stood publicly by the way side, common property—the light cotton cloth which they wore superfluously on their shoulders, and the stripping off of which was probably a relief in the hot weather. What did they give? Breath from their lungs, which God's air in an instant supplied; huzzahs, which were inaudible a hundred yards away.

What did the believing world give the Christ later, when he had trodden his wine-press alone, and had walked in blood to the skies? Homage, devotion, worship, allegiance, the surrender of their lives, their best endeavors to extend his love and truth in the earth, the consecration of themselves as corner-stones in his temple of humanity.

One year ago this very day—Palm Sunday—the President recommended that in all Churches thanks should be rendered for the successes of the National arms and the cheering progress of the National cause. There had been a succession of victories, shouts of acclamation came from fort and field, joy was beaming on all faces, hand clasped hand in cordial congratulation that at last the end was nigh and sweet peace near; and all had moved on under the auspices of conservatism; no foundations disturbed, no social institutions broken up, no revolution inaugurated, nothing done whose constitutionality could be disputed. The Messiah had reached the end of his course on the ass's foal! The joy was of brief duration; delays, disasters, defeats, came in swift and terrible succession; the old policy was practicable no longer; the President abandoned the old traditions of party and Constitution, and sturdily marched towards his Jerusalem on his own feet, the edict of Emancipation in his hand. Then came the cavil, the sneer, the accusation, the buffeting, the falling off of disciples, the cries of treason and blasphemy, the league of Caiaphas and Pilate, the lashing, the bearing of a heavy cross. It seemed as if crucifixion and burial must follow. But lo! instead of the light huzza, there comes the strong benediction; instead of hands waving palm-branches, are hands helping to bear the heavy burden of care. True friends gather about the earnest worker; for the first time earnestness becomes a principle; the people catch the infection of it, and rally round the Truth; the Truth is recognized as king, and all the Calvaries in the world will not prevent its being enthroned among the stars, at the right hand of God himself, with commission to rule the earth.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board;
Above the raving of the gale,
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then with Him go hand in hand,
Far into bliss.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

FEMALE ORATORS—MISS DICKINSON.

From The New York Evangelist.

AT the risk of losing our coat from our back we jostled in with the crowd last Tuesday evening to hear the suddenly-become-famous Miss Anna Dickinson, at Cooper Institute. Escaping with a whole skin through the throng, and paying our half dollar to a colored ticket-taker at the lower door, we found a narrow perch on the edge of the platform. One look at the stage, on which sat such men as Gov. Morgan, Senator Wilson, Mr. Beecher, and Professor Hitchcock, and at the serried crowd of the most thoroughly *live* auditors that even New York can show, convinced us that the heroine of the evening had no small undertaking on her hand. Over against the wall, apparently asleep, leaned the bald head of *The Tribune*. Mr. Greeley roused up and half opened his eyes when a loud cheer greeted the appearance of a fresh buxom girl, of seemingly no more than twenty Summers, on the platform. She was led in by a gentleman, then introduced by Mr. Beecher, and with a single turn of her bright dark eyes around the immense assemblage, she uttered one emphatic sentence that reached the farthest person in the vast room, and silenced the house so that you could almost hear the rustle of a handkerchief. A glance at her bright glowing face (which resembles Faed's popular picture of *Evangeline*) tells you at once that nature gave her a letter of recommendation in her countenance; the first ten sentences tell you that her voice is as fine for oratory as Jenny Lind's for singing Handel's airs. We have no patience with the twaddle for "woman's rights," and no especial liking for the itinerant Amazons who have gone crusading through the land, but we could not but say, "If Jenny Lind could stand here to-night and *sing* the Star Spangled Banner, why may not Miss Dickinson make a speech for it as well?" It is evident that this gifted young creature—fresh from the soldiers' hospitals—is all on fire with a passion for the national cause and for liberty. Here lay her power over that vast auditory, who melted into tears or foamed into enthusiasm at her bidding. She stood before us a second Joan of Arc. Her glowing language, her caustic wit, her admirable elocution, her tender pathos, do not account for the effects which that hour wrought on her auditors. She was for the time the living *impersonation* of the cause she came to plead; from head to foot she was all ablaze with an inspiration that in ten minutes made you forget whether it were a man, a woman, or one of Mary Woolstonecraft's "third sex," who was pulling at your heart-strings. No war-speech so full of shot and shell as hers have we heard since the contest began. Her invectives against the "craven cowards who stay at home in order to stab the government in the back," were as fine specimens of tongue-lashing as we have ever seen laid on a culprit's back. Many of her personal allusions were in bad taste; her political criticism not very womanly; but the web and woof of her impassioned discourse was genuine whole-souled patriotism and love of liberty as the boon of God to the lowliest thing that bears a human form. "Here," she exclaimed, "stands the North and liberty; yonder stands the South and slavery; and one straight line of *gore* that reaches from one to the other is the *only pathway* that we dare to tread until the Union and Freedom are triumphant." "They tell us that the slaves may arise in rebellion; but if their masters have rebelled against a lawful authority, why shall not their bondmen learn the lesson too, and arise against an unlawful and iniquitous authority?"

In contrast with some of these red-hot invectives, were many beautiful passages full of the most womanly tenderness and pathos. For one hour she held the vast auditory under her spell; and when she closed with a brilliant parallel between the capture of Fort Donelson and the final onset of the loyal millions for the Union, and lifting both arms shouted us on to the charge, the assembly rose to their feet, and amid waving hats and handkerchiefs, responded with one tumultuous cheer. Flushed in face, but apparently unwearied, the little woman took her seat.

After this tribute to Miss Dickinson's eloquence and patriotism—which is as simply truthful as we could make it—we may be asked, "Would you wish to see her example imitated?" To this we as frankly say *No*. We are no more anxious to hear a woman's voice in our Church-meetings, or on the political rostrum, than we ever were. We are fully persuaded that "woman's mission" is quite in another direction. But stirring times produce stirring characters. Occasionally, too, there arises a woman with a gift that seems irrepressible; and it will come out. And if Jenny Lind sings for the truth, Joan of Arc fights for the truth, and Hannah Moore writes for the truth, we suppose that Miss Dickinson might ask, Why may I not go out and preach for the truth? Miss Caroline Herschel in an astronomical observatory, Miss Florence Nightingale among bearded men in an hospital, and Miss Dorothea Dix before legislative committees, never brought obloquy on their sex. There is no danger that the mass of ladies will ever take to telescopes, or hospital wards, or founding insane asylums, or even to stump oratory. We can tolerate the exceptions for the good they accomplish. And we can only say that if any woman finds it *impossible* to "keep silent," then may she always have as noble a theme, and handle it as splendidly as Miss Anna Dickinson handled the great theme of her nation's deliverance.

T. L. C.

From N. P. Willis's Home Journal.

Miss Dickinson is a symmetrical young creature, every movement showing a well-knit agility of frame, and her build and action altogether being just what would be picked out for a daring horsewoman. The Napoleonic mould of her jaw expresses the energy which is her leading characteristic. Her features are otherwise well chiselled, her forehead and upper lip of the Greek proportion, and her nostrils thin. The men would all call her beautiful—the women would admit it with their usual reluctance—but we thought (ourself), that she was a beauty, but for the look, a little too determined, of that strongly moulded jaw, though this would better hold the throat-latch to a helmet, and make her look more like a Semiramis in the field. She wore her hair with the adolescent cut of a young Hephæstion, had long sleeves and a high-necked dress, and, with the contralto fullness of her voice, seemed, in fact, more ready for masculine service than for the "complying tenderness" of her sex.

But how, under the delicacy of a girl of eighteen, could be gathered the strong wisdom which she poured forth so volubly that night, was to us a wonder! As she walked up and down before the thousands in that crowded hall, she discussed topics so grave that they required rather the scope and grasp of a Senator's mind or a historian's, and presented them to the enthusiastic crowd with a fluency that was wholly without hindrance. How, to such youthful lips, flowed so easily such stately language! How, over every gesture and every look, every turn of argument and every cadence of voice, reigned such absolute self-possession! How, amid the gracefulness of that virgin beauty, could accumulate the thunder to denounce a laggard as she denounced McClellan, execrate traitors as she did Beauregard and Davis! Effortless and modest as it all was, it was too uncommon to seem natural. It was a woman in the exercise of an inspired gift.

A lady friend who met Miss Dickinson at a party at the house of Mr. Charles Gould, tells us that the eloquent damsel there held a long and earnest conversation with Mr. Fremont, and that her manner in society is so tranquil and thoughtful as to inspire great respect. Her expression is absorbent and deferential, and she is much admired by the eminent men with whom she chances to converse. Mr. Fremont says that she reminds him very strongly of Rachel, the French woman of genius, and that her tones particularly are wonderfully like the great tragedian's. What is to be the destiny of such a "Miss"? She has appeared, now, forty-three times in public, and is to go on with what she knew, from childhood (she says), was to be her "mission." The advent of a "Joan of Arc" is prophesied, as we all know. But is it to be for this time and crisis, and is Miss Dickinson "*the woman*" on whom the mantle has already fallen?

With the expectation that we have yet much to write of the doings of this fair prophetess, we admiringly take our leave for the present.

RABBI AKIBO.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

RABBI AKIBO, forced to quit his home,
O'er barren wastes and dreary wilds to roam—
By persecution driven from the joys
Of wealth and pleasure's ever-changing toys—
Took with him, on his solitary tramp,
That he might see to read by dark, a lamp;
A cock, to wake him at the early day;
And a lean donkey, which he rode away.
Beneath the horizon slowly sank the sun
Upon that poor, forsaken, exiled one,
Who for his weary body had no bed,
Nor any pillow for his aching head.
Sick with fatigue, and from much travel lame,
At length to a small, peopled place he came,
Found human folk, but no humanity,
No food, no rest, no common charity;
And so he plodded, sad, in solitude,
To the kind shelter of a neighboring wood.
Rabbi Akibo thought it very hard
That every house the wanderer should discard,
Nor shield him from the bleak, inclement blast,
Nor from the big rain, falling thick and fast.
"But God is just," he said, "whate'er the rest,
And what he does is always for the best."

And so he sat him down beside a tree,
Lighted his lamp, and read right cheerily;
But read he not a single page, before
His lamp blew out, and he could see no more.
"What!" thought the Rabbi, "can't I be allowed
Even to read?" and then he spoke aloud,
"But God is just—no matter for the rest—
And what he does is always for the best."

Then, glad and ready for a little sound,
Refreshing sleep, he lay along the ground.
No sooner did his heavy eyelids close
In the soft luxury of deep repose,
Before a gaunt wolf killed the wakeful cock,
And thus deprived him of his morning clock.
"What new misfortune must I now sustain?
My vigilant companion—is he slain?
How, henceforth, shall I waken with the light
To learned pursuits, that all my grief requite?
But God is just—no matter for the rest—
And what he does is always for the best."

Scarcely had he so spoken, when there came
A hungry lion, with his eyes on flame,
And—oh! unhappy hour that he was born—
Ate his poor donkey where he stood forlorn.
"And now, what's to be done?" the Rabbi said;
"My lamp put out, the cock, the donkey dead!
But God is just—no matter for the rest—
And what he does is always for the best."

Rabbi Akibo passed a sleepless night,
But, with the dawning of the earliest light,
Went back into the village, that, at least,
He might endeavor to obtain a beast,
His pack to carry as he journeyed on;
But, strange to tell, both beasts and men were gone.
A band of fierce banditti, from the woods,
Had killed the folk, and plundered all their goods.
Rabbi Akibo turned his streaming eyes,
When he recovered from his great surprise,
Unto that azure heaven which towers above,
The holiest type of purity and love;
And then, as one who wishes to rejoice
Out of his heart, he lifted up his voice:
"O thou good God! these mortal men are blind,
And thou alone art merciful and kind.
Had they not sent me forth with words of hate,
I should have shared their miserable fate;
Had not my lamp been quenched, its little ray,
Perchance, had led the robbers on my way!
If my poor brute companions had not died,
Their noise had drawn the danger to my side;
And had I slept, devoid of care and pain,
I too, like them, would surely have been slain.
Oh! God is just, and I, his servant, blest;
And what he does is always for the best."

—Peterson's Magazine.

THE TWO SAMUELS.—Being engaged one day in examining a parish school, I asked the teacher what part of the Scriptures had been read during the week, and found that the history of Samuel had been the subject of instruction. The children were admirably versed in the history. Apparently they knew as much about it as I did—perhaps a little more, for they knew all the dates, a branch of knowledge which always has been beyond my grasp. I was scarcely through my noviciate in the ministry, and thought that all was right until an unlucky—or perhaps lucky—question disturbed the pleasing security. After hearing the dates of the various events given with wonderful accuracy, I happened to ask the girl at the head of the class how long ago it was since Samuel was alive. She could not tell, nor could any of them. Blank silence fell on all, and I was completely brought to a standstill. The children were evidently as much puzzled as myself, and it suddenly struck me that though they had learned the dates so perfectly, they had not attached the least meaning to "B. C." A few more questions made this point certain; and, wishing to give them some notion of the real meaning of dates, I asked by way of an absurdity, "Is Samuel alive now?" "Yes, sir; yes, sir," resounded on every side, and all the children seemed quite pleased, being now on safe ground and away from abstractions. Still more taken aback, I asked how they knew he was alive, and they one and all declared that they had seen him last year. I asked what his appearance was, but got very contradictory answers, one thinking him tall, another short, but all agreeing that he wore a coat and a hat, and was a very nice gentleman. It was a hopeless business, and I yielded the point. However, the mystery was solved that afternoon. Waiting until the school was closed, I took the evening prayers, and then came upon the clue to this extraordinary maze. After asking a blessing upon the school, the parish, and the clergy, special mention was made of "SAMUEL, our Bishop." A light flashed across me, and on questioning the children afterwards, I found